

The ROSIKRUCIAN MAGAZINE

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The
Rose Cross*



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THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

The

ROSIKRUCIAN

MAGAZINE

Rays from the Rose Cross

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The Rosicrucian Fellowship

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The Rosicrucian Fellowship

AN AQUARIAN MOVEMENT

There was a time, even as late as Greece, when *Religion*, *Art*, and *Science* were taught unitedly in the Mystery temples. But it was necessary for the better development of each that they should separate for a time.

Religion held sole sway in the so-called "dark ages." During that time it bound both *Science* and *Art* hand and foot. Then came the period of the Renaissance, and *Art* came to the fore in all its branches. *Religion* was strong as yet, however, and *Art* was only too often prostituted in the service of *Religion*. Last came the wave of modern *Science*, and with iron hand it has subjugated *Religion*.

It was a detriment to the world when *Religion* shackled *Science*. *Ignorance* and *Superstition* caused untold woe, nevertheless man cherished a lofty spiritual ideal then; he hoped for a higher and better life. It is infinitely more disastrous that *Science* is killing *Religion*, for now even *Hope*, the only gift of the gods left in Pandora's box, may vanish before *Materialism* and *Agnosticism*.

Such a state cannot continue. Reaction must set in. If it does not, anarchy will rend the cosmos. To avert a calamity *Religion*, *Science*, and *Art* must reunite in a higher expression of the *Good*, the *True*, and the *Beautiful* than obtained before the separation.

Coming events cast their shadows before, and when the Great Leaders of humanity saw the tendency towards ultra-materialism which is now rampant in the Western World they took certain steps to counteract and transmute it at the auspicious time. They did not wish to kill the budding *Science* as the latter has strangled *Religion*, for they saw the ultimate good which will result when an advanced *Science* has again become a co-worker with *Religion*.

A spiritual *Religion*, however, cannot blend with a materialistic *Science* any more than oil can mix with water. Therefore steps were taken to spiritualize *Science* and make *Religion* scientific.

Centuries have rolled by since a high spiritual teacher, having the symbolical name Christian Rosenkreuz—Christian Rose Cross—appeared in Europe to commence this work. He founded the mysterious Order of Rosicrucians with the object of throwing occult light upon the misunderstood Christian Religion and to explain the mystery of Life and Being from the scientific standpoint in harmony with *Religion*.

In the past centuries the Rosicrucians have worked in secret, but now the time has come for giving out a definite, logical, and sequential teaching concerning the origin, evolution, and future development of the world and man, showing both the spiritual and the scientific aspects; a teaching which makes no statements that are not supported by reason and logic. Such is the teaching promulgated by the Rosicrucian Fellowship.

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The Current Outlook

[FROM THE ROSICRUCIAN VIEWPOINT]

Modern Babylon

By JOSEPH DARROW



NCIENT Babylon lies in ruins beneath the shifting sands of the desert. Nevertheless it may truly be said that we today are living in a reincarnated Babylon. There is also an esoteric Babylon and, as we shall see, the outer Babylon is always the product of the esoteric or inner.

The historical Babylon was the capital of Babylonia, which lasted from approximately 2250 B.C. to the Persian Conquest 539 B.C. It was located in the Euphrates Valley in Mesopotamia, now Iraq, about fifty-five miles south of Bagdad. Babylon became a synonym for luxury, magnificence, and rich living. The Babylonian race was a part of the second great race of the Aryan Epoch, the first having been the early Hindus.

The esoteric Babylon is the city of Lucifer, the left half of the brain. The esoteric New Jerusalem is the right half, which is under the influence of the MERCURY and direction of the MERCURIALS, highly advanced beings of the planet Mercury who have a special influence upon humanity. The esoteric Babylon is controlled by Lucifer, who is spoken of in the Bible as the "bright and morning star." But there is a tradition that Lucifer fell from heaven.* That tradition is poetically described by Milton in *Paradise Lost*.

Lucifer is the head of the Lucifer spirits, whose abode is the etheric region of Mars, not the physical part of the

planet. There has been much speculation by scientists as to whether Mars is inhabited by beings similar to men. The Rosicrucians would answer that there is no human life on Mars, but that the Lucifer spirits do actually inhabit its etheric region, living and functioning in etheric bodies.

The present angels under Jehovah and the Lucifer spirits under Lucifer were the humanity of the Moon Period, preceding the present Earth Period. But there came a division between these two branches because there was a basic difference between the two types. The Lucifer spirits MARS IS INHABITED had an affinity for fire and were possessed of the creative instinct and creative power. The angels were passive and allied with the water forces. They followed the path of feeling, whereas the Lucifer spirits pursued the path of knowledge. But Jehovah became the Highest Initiate of the Moon Period, and therefore his scheme of evolution became the accepted one. Lucifer rebelled against the restrictions and the type of evolutionary work required by Jehovah in much the same manner that the Masons refuse to follow the Catholic plan of development. But Jehovah was in power, and the net result was that Lucifer and his followers became stragglers of that Period.

When our present humanity reached the prehistoric Lemurian stage, the sexes were divided and the development of the brain and larynx was begun. Shortly after this the Lucifer spirits gained control of the left half of the brain, and through it

*["How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!"—Isa. 14:12.]

have influenced mankind ever since. Having an affinity with fire, the Lucifer spirits became the exponents of force and addicted to the selfish pleasure of the senses. These qualities they have imparted in large measure to humanity, leading particularly to "*the great delusion*" of the use of the creative God-force of sex for pleasure, which is the root cause of most of the evil in the world today. This force used for any but creative purposes becomes destructive, first upon the invisible plane, then later in the outer visible world in the form of bad karma and weakened character.

It must not be thought, however, that the Luciferians are all evil—far from it. They are the instigators of all mental activity and man owes many of his most important qualities and powers to them. The Rosicrucian Fellowship book, *The Message of the Stars*, gives important information on this subject, from which we quote:

"It is a mistake to think of the Lucifer spirits as evil, for under the sway of the angels humanity was a mass of *mindless automatons* knowing neither good nor evil and having no choice or prerogative.

But since through the FIRE AND IRON GIFTS OF LUCIFER we have learned to know good and evil, we are also able by the exercise of will power to shun the evil and choose the good, to flee from vice and cultivate virtue, thereby placing ourselves in harmonious co-workership with God and nature and unfolding our divine possibilities so that we may become like our Father in Heaven.

"The Lucifer spirits are located on the planet Mars, and from them we have received and are receiving many valuable gifts, chief among them *fire* and *iron*. It is well known that every living body is warm, for the Ego cannot manifest in the physical world save through heat. . . . Without iron, which exists in the blood in the form of haemoglobin, there could be no oxidation

and consequently no heat. That was the condition previous to the Fall, so-called, when man-in-the-making was mindless. But then the Lucifer spirits came and infused iron into the blood which made it possible for the Ego to draw into its vehicles, and from that time the Ego became an indwelling spirit capable of evolving individuality. *Thus had it not been for the Lucifer spirits man could not have become man.* It is their fire and their iron that has made the world what it is today, good and bad according to the use man has made of it.

The solar force focused THE EGO [by Jehovah] through the BECOMES moon imparts vitality and INDWELLING the faculty of growth, but the rays of the sun focused upon us by the martial Lucifer spirits give us dynamic power and are the source of all activity in the world."

Before harmony can be re-established in the outer world it must first be established within a majority of the individuals of the race, and then this condition will gradually be reflected into the world of affairs. Then the era of materialism, war, and strife will gradually come to an end. Thus Babylon, both inner and outer, must fall. The question is, how may this be brought about? Max Heindel tells us how in his Rosicrucian lecture, entitled, *Lucifer, Tempter or Benefactor?* We will let him tell the story:

"This brain of ours is not a homogeneous whole. It is divided into two halves, and it is a fact well known to physiologists that we use principally but one of these cerebral hemispheres—the left. The right half of our brain is only partially active. The heart also is on the left side of our body, but is beginning to move towards 'the right' place. The 'right' brain will also become more and more active, and in consequence of these two physiological changes man's whole character will appear different. The left side is under the sway of the Luciferians and is given over to selfishness, but the Ego will gain more and more control as

the *right side* of the brain is invested with power to act upon the body as *right* judgment.

"That there is a change going on in the heart which makes it an anomaly, a puzzle, is not news to physiologists. We have two sets of muscles. One set is under the control of the will, as for instance, the muscles of arm and hand. They are striped both lengthwise and crosswise. The involuntary muscles, which take care of functions not under control of the will and which cannot be moved by desire, are striped lengthwise only. *The heart is the only exception.* It is not under the control of desire, and yet it is beginning to show cross stripes like a voluntary muscle.

"In time those cross stripes will develop fully, and the heart will be under our control. When that time comes we will be able to direct the blood where we

will to send it. Then we

CITY OF may refuse to send it to
BABYLON the left brain, and *Babylon, MUST FALL the city of Lucifer, will fall.*

When the blood is sent into the right brain we shall be building the New Jerusalem. We are now preparing for that time by building the cross stripes in the heart by altruistic ideals or, in the case of the [esoteric] pupil, by sending the sex current through the *righthand path of the heart.*"

We see from the preceding that the inner Babylon is to be reduced by starvation so to speak, that is, by cutting off its food supply, the blood. This is quite in accord with accepted military tactics for reducing a city. When the left half of the brain fails to receive its full supply of blood, the Lucifer spirits will lose part of their power to operate through that half. Then their influence will be reduced to such an extent that man can

control it according to his conceptions of right and wrong and in accordance with the good impulses sent to him by the Mercurians through the right half of the brain, at the same time retaining the power of activity, both mental and physical, and the creative instinct which the Lucifer's confer.

When a sufficient percentage of the human race have thus been regenerated from within so that they become the controlling factor in human affairs throughout the earth, then the outer Babylon of war and discord will fall, and peace will begin actually to reign throughout the world. Before that time comes, however, the prophesied battle of Armageddon will have to be fought, which will be the final battle of nationalism before the Race Spirits are ousted from their control of humanity. The present war is only a preliminary skirmish in that battle.

Regeneration, it will thus be seen, is the key to the overthrow of Babylon, both inner and outer, and for the coming of the New Jerusalem, the city of peace. We REGENERATION are all in Babylon WILL OVERTHROW BABYLON now, and we shall have to stay in Babylon until we overthrow it. It depends upon us, individually and collectively, as to how long this will take. It is entirely up to us.

In making the decision to turn "right," to "go west," to start regeneration and thus help to bring in the New Order, esoteric knowledge is a powerful aid. The Rosicrucians are doing their utmost to make their esoteric knowledge, their Western Wisdom Teachings, available throughout the world in order that the overthrow of Babylon may be greatly expedited and the early advent of the New Order of peace and righteousness be brought about,

The Mystic Light

The Rosicrucian Fellowship

The Rosicrucian Fellowship is a movement for the dissemination of a definite, logical, and sequential teaching concerning the origin, evolution, and future development of the world and man, showing both the spiritual and scientific aspects. The Rosicrucian Philosophy gives a reasonable solution to all mysteries of life. It is entirely Christian, but presents the Christian teachings from a new viewpoint, giving new explanations of the truth which creeds may have obscured.

Our motto is: A SANE MIND, A SOFT HEART, A SOUND BODY

This article received FIRST PRIZE in our Manuscript Competition.

Art as a Factor in Human Evolution

By GRACE EVELYN BROWN

(IN TWO PARTS—CONCLUSION)

 N art education first of all teaches the student to understand the illusions of the physical eye and brain, and shows that objects are seldom what they seem to be. In this way, he comes to recognize the lure of the senses and the illusion of sight. This training is really a psychological analysis. The young child is the only one having true sight. As a little child, I stood with my mother and aunt, where the trains emerged from the Salem (Massachusetts) tunnel, at the railroad station, and shrieked with terror, clutching my mother in fear as the locomotive emerged, thinking it to be a fiery monster emerging from its cave. Returning home from my first visit in church, I said: "I saw the statuary on the mantelpiece, and they sang and turned around," judging the choir to be mechanical toys and the organ-loft to be the mantel. This shows that perspective had not been recorded in the child brain. The child, who upon seeing a white horse under a tree and in shadow exclaimed, "O see the purple horse!" showed that color was seen as it reveals itself to the uninitiated who have not yet learned that purple horses do not exist. Art training restores this primal sight; and while the artist differs from

the child in realizing the world as it is, he also realizes the illusion of the senses. He knows that he is merely painting the light which falls on an object and not the local color of the object at all. He is aware of the power of distance to grey everything seen through the leagues of atmosphere, and that distance diminishes all objects. This makes him realize that he is bounded by the confines of the three dimensional world of the five senses, and knowing this, he can easily conceive a freer world of four, five, and even more dimensions.

Psychologists state that the ability to see three dimensions on a two dimensional plane indicates a certain stage of development beyond that of the savage state which can only recognize that a painting depicting distance is merely two dimensional. The artist, who can indicate miles of distance on a painting is thus able to demonstrate his superior psychology to that of the primitive man. This suggests the trinity in all art. There is the painter, the beholder, and the painting, the link between them. There is also the subjective and objective elements, the sight of the painter, his work on the canvas, and this forming the third element, the painting itself.

The reason that a painting is attrac-

tive and appealing to the observer is due to the fact that the artist has generally gone further than the observer in his adventure in the realm of beauty and can depict on the canvas some of his artistic individuality. Thus the observer has a record of what one sees who has gone further into discovering cosmic beauty. The artist tells the secrets of that region which for the layman do not exist. A farmer once said to the painter, Turner: "I don't see all those colors." Turner replied: "Don't you wish you could!"

Art is a language and is only successful when it is able to give its message, which in true art is the gospel of beauty combined with law and order, philosophy and religion. Art may give out a sensuous appeal, one that is mental, or again one that is spiritual, and may also combine these qualities. The artist recognizes nature as the supreme artist always harmonizing in beautiful chords of color the different moods of nature in the many hours of the day and the constantly-changing seasons, and in the different regions of the world. These reveal harmonies of beauty in the appeal to the eye as music reveals them to the ear, like the rhythmic lines of a poem with its rhymes and harmonies of thought and emotion.

One of my instructors in the art school, Mr. Albert Munsell, invented a color chart and a color sphere measuring scientifically the different gradations of color. There were ten steps of different values or grades of darkness from white to black through the vertical axis. The equatorial belt gave the seven primary colors horizontally, each color having ten steps grading off imperceptibly in the order of the rainbow in middle values. Going up to the north pole the colors graded into white, and as they approached the south pole they graded to black. The surface of the globe was thus covered by the colors all at middle value. The warm colors at their greatest intensity, being more colorful or chromatic than the cool ones raised themselves, but in theory only, from the globelike skyscrapers. This color sphere when re-

volved threw off beautiful clouds like those seen at sunset and appeared so lovely that I was moved to tears while witnessing this phenomenon. This beauty was produced by a perfect balance and harmony and reminded me of Plato's idea of "the music of the spheres."

The gradual development of the artist might remind one that scientists aver that the human brain contains a large area of cells that have never been brought into use. This points to the fact that we all have a large area upon which to work in our mental and artistic development. Therefore it is evident that nature and the higher Powers intended man to utilize as much of this unused area as possible. It seems to me that working with this end in view would tend to prolong life; for are we not here to evolve, and constantly? That is the evident purpose of all life and refusal to do this and obey the divine laws of life would naturally tend to shorten our earthly span and take the immortal principles on to another field of evolution, where different environment and conditions would further stimulate, and hence on to a future embodiment with a new fresh vehicle free from old habits and inhibitions and with a new idealistic impetus.

Man is dual in his nature. There is the lower inheritance from the sub-human kingdoms, man's past evolution, which tends to drag him down to the mere grovelling beast, intent upon purely physical comforts. Then there is the divine nature allied with God, influencing to advance him. Man is placed between these two extremes with his feet on the earth and his head in the clouds; but he must look down constantly lest he fall into a ditch.

This dual nature is symbolized in astrology and mythology by the centaur, Sagittarius, the creature with a horse's body and the upper half of man. The Sagittarian realizes his dual nature and controls the beast with the man elements. Art develops his higher nature and renders it more able to control the lower. This symbol of the centaur although a

wonderful symbol is not pleasing as a design or a creation of beauty any more than the many-armed Indra or other depictions of gods and goddesses created by man. These monstrosities clearly show that man has not yet reached a place where he can create an object of beauty which is contrary to divine archetypes. Such forms, although useful in giving symbols, are ugly in the extreme and indicate that any departure from form as conceived by the Author of the universe is lacking in all art merits.

The duality of man has been graphically portrayed by a piece of sculpture which I saw while visiting the New York City Metropolitan Art Museum. It represented two men in combat and symbolized the conflict of the higher and lower natures in man and the ultimate victory of the higher over the lower. This piece of sculpture furnishes an example of what should be the purpose of art, to present an uplifting and cosmic truth to humanity. In this way, art is a divine language, revealing the abstract through a concrete expression.

The seven arts may be divided into two groups. There are the four that represent themselves in a purely objective way. Architecture and sculpture are the most solid of these. They are both three-dimensional and hence belong primarily to the physical world; yet as a physical body belongs primarily to the physical world and still has its emotional, mental, and spiritual phases, so a piece of sculpture or architecture has its emotional, mental, and spiritual phases of expression. A beautiful edifice expressing religion is capable of arousing emotions of religion, admiration, and even joy. Sculpture is able to express beauty, a mental concept, and a spiritual and uplifting power.

Next to these two arts, that of painting is the most material or definitely physical. This is two-dimensional and impresses the beholder with its mystery or beauty of perspective, and suggesting depth and miles of space, is more pliable than architecture or sculpture to impress

the spectator with the appeal of beauty through form and color.

The art of dancing is both that of the graphic arts and those which express themselves purely through symbols; for the dance is tangible in that it is objective and yet it depicts emotions which are symbols of its various emotions and postures.

Drama is an art that is closely allied to dancing in that it expresses ideas and ideals through the human body by its words, postures, and facial expressions. This art is also on the dividing line between those which express directly and those which translate the meaning by symbols. The postures and facial expressions may be understood by anyone; but the language would not be intelligible to a foreigner, and would have to be interpreted.

The arts using symbols must be interpreted; not only because they may use a foreign language; but also because they use alphabetical symbols. As in the case of architecture, sculpture, painting, and dancing, the arts of the written word and the written staff of music cannot be understood except by learning the alphabet and the way in which notes are written on the staff. Thus they may be considered to be less tangible arts and those belonging to the inner world of imagination, not the objective world of direct perception.

Music is the most remote and symbolical of all of the arts. Hence it is named for the muse herself. It is a language that is above human comprehension. As Sydney Lanier said: "Music is love in search of a word." Poetry gives that word; but both the words of poetry and those of music are in their physical expression merely a series of symbols unrelated in any way to the thoughts that they contain. One ignorant of the written word and the musical staff could look through a book of poetry or a volume of music and gain nothing whatever regarding the ideas or the harmonies contained therein; but let the poetry be rendered or the music per-

formed and he would be able to comprehend it according to his development, provided that he could understand the language of the poetry.

Poetry gives the idea directly while music may be translated according to what it suggests to the listener; or it may be a definite attempt to describe a certain event, as Chopin is supposed to have described in the "Revolutionary Etude," so termed, the conditions in France at the time of the French revolution. Music may describe moonlight on the water as the tradition has it that Beethoven so described it in his composition termed "The Moonlight Sonata," or as he described his human emotions in his "Sonata Pathetique."

It has always seemed to me that the greatest of all human attainments is to be a musical composer. Imagine the spiritual uplift in endeavoring to speak a superhuman language and convey a superhuman idea to human beings! Even if one does not understand what music is saying, it is a marvelous experience. In material symbolism, the waterspout furnishes a graphic symbol of man's duality. The striving of the lower to reach the higher Self, and the higher brooding over the lower, until at last the two meet and a perfect column of water is manifest. Thus it is with a musician who attempts to bring the wonder and glory of a superhuman state to the lower understanding. The two finally meet and out of this fusion something superhuman is born.

All of the arts open up this spiritual channel giving man as never before an understanding and realization of that which is beyond his present stage of development. The hand of God as represented by Sargent in one of his murals on the walls of the Boston Public Library is suggested by this thought. The figure of God bends down with face concealed. In His hand is a scroll with the finger of the other hand pointing to it. The artist may read this scroll in terms of beauty, while yet not able to see the

face of God. This is one of the messages which the highest art can give.

To define beauty, it seems to me that it is the thought or purpose of God brought down into the material universe in all of its perfection and still charged with the glory of its true home on the divine levels of being. Art is a perfect mirror to reflect the archetypal without distortion or dulling of its pristine purity and perfection. Art is intuition. It is above reason. It merges intuition with feeling or emotion, the lower expression of intuition, and catches the vision of spiritual states and brings it down into tangible and material expression. It is the translator of spirit into matter. The artist catches the sublime vision and interprets it to inspire and uplift humanity. Art is a bridge from the heights of Parnassus and Olympus to the earth.

Man is in a prison-house of the senses. Art opens the windows and then the door to a world of a supernal and spiritual beauty. It has done this for me and I believe that what has been my experience is that of all who follow this path. Thus I consider the hours that I have spent in developing my art nature as the most important ones of my life, and I wish that there had been more of them. Still one must have hours away from effort in order to digest and assimilate what one has gained and make it a part of one's very life. Then there are many ethical and spiritual lessons to be learned through all human relationships, and these two, the development of the art nature and the ethical, should proceed together, guided and led on and on by the philosophic self.

A knowledge of philosophy, the occult, and religion is like the rudder of a boat, determining the course and guiding the life on and on to a better expression of the ideal, that constant star, shining above the turbulent currents of life.

As the Oriental seer exclaimed: "Open your eyes. The light is all about you!"—so art opens the vision to the purpose, beauty, and glory of the universe. The

(Continued on page 112)

Past Lives

By RONA MORRIS WORKMAN

SOMETIMES the veil which hides our past lives is pulled aside for a moment and we catch a momentary glimpse of that which we have been in other lands and times. Often these glimpses seem to have no connection with the personality we now wear, but at other times one sees a face, or receives a lesson, that ties in with the present life.

One such glimpse came to a woman whom I know very well. She saw a high-walled garden: beyond and above it waved the feathery crests of tropic palms, within it were symmetrical beds of gorgeous flowers surrounding the smooth white marble pavement, and against one wall was massed the purple bloom of some strange vine. She saw a young girl, slender and beautiful in her dark-skinned way, with the thin silk of her single garment wrapped tightly about her to reveal every soft curve, while her feet, with her tinted nails and henna-reddened soles, were strapped into jewel-encrusted sandals. Before her, silent, gazing into her face with grey calm eyes, stood a man clothed in bronze and leather, his hands bound behind him and the thongs held by two brutal-looking soldiers, while standing upon the wide, shallow steps which led into the garden from the half-glimpsed palace, stood an elderly man, his thin lips twisted into a cruel, sneering smile.

No word was spoken, yet to the one who caught this glimpse into the past came the knowledge of the love intrigue which had gone before, of the girl's fear-driven denial of her guilty act and the man's silent acceptance of his fate. Daggers flashed suddenly, the slain man sank at her feet and his blood seeped across the white marble to stain the sandals of the feet he had loved. It seemed a

long time before the girl moved, then she turned and passed slowly up the steps to where the owner—of her and of the walled garden—stood waiting, and where she passed the steps were stained by the blood upon her feet.

As quickly as it had come the vision disappeared, but my friend who had seen, knew that the girl was herself and that the man who had died, the man whom she had denied to save herself, was the one she had married in this present life. Today she knows that a life of love and service must be given to wipe out her cowardly deed of that long-ago time, and she gives it gladly and with understanding.

Not always do the scenes flatter the present personality by visions of past grandeur. We have not all been Mary, Queen of Scots, Joan of Arc, or Napoleon, though many claim to have been. One vision which I saw of myself was far from consoling to my vanity. I was an aged crone standing upon a rocky cliff hurling huge stones to repell the invader. My single skin-garment was belted about my skinny waist by a leather thong and my scanty grey locks whipped in the icy wind. As I hurled my futile weapons I mouthed and screamed with rage until a bone-tipped spear ended that life and opened the door to the next.

At least one time, however, I sat in the high places and ruled with cruel and arrogant hand. My worldly pride might be pleased with that glimpse, for jewels blazed upon my slim brown hands and arms and studded my ear-lobes and nostrils and I sat with a great king who ruled supreme in a city whose tumbled ruins now lie hidden, forgotten, beneath the jungle growth, but whether I ruled as queen or as favorite, I could not tell. Yes, I was beautiful, but I was also cruel,

and the next life found me wandering, a filthy beggar who shuffled and quarreled and clutched with greedy hands at chance-flung scraps of food. Thus does the Wheel of Rebirth turn that the Ego may receive the benefits of all experiences and no debt remain unpaid, or cruelty unrevenged. In that life, and in those since, I have at least learned compassion, if I have learned nothing else.

Another glimpse which came to me showed me standing upon wide steps lapped by the warm brown waters of the Nile. My white priestess-robcs swept about me and at my feet crouched the slender form of a child, a neophyte of the temple, clutching my robes with childish hands and imploring me to take her with me. Waiting, with ebony black oarsmen resting on their oars, was a boat swinging in the slow current, a boat which was to take me far up the Nile to another temple. I went alone, though I was sad at the parting. In this life that little neophyte and I have met once more, as friends and fellow-students of the same wisdom taught so long ago in the great temples of Egypt. So do the ties, formed in one life centuries upon centuries ago bring us together again.

Another friend of mine whom occult investigation has shown to have been a priestess of the ancient snake worship who died the Death because she neglected the Flame and let it die, has in this life a strange complex that she must have a living flame forever burning in her home. A chill terror grips her whenever the fire dies out and she cannot rest until it is rekindled. I wonder how many other strange complexes could be traced to past lives, such as claustrophobia, or the terror of drowning, of death by fire or by the knife.

It is said that if you have a deep interest in any particular country or time, coupled with an intuitive knowledge of the peoples and customs of that place and day, it is a very strong indication that at least one life has been spent there. Especially is this true when the interest is developed or shown forth very early in life.

All have lived in widely different races and periods of time, of course, but as a general rule, the Ego returns with the groups of people and to the places with which he has welded karmic ties.

For instance, many of the cowboys and cattlemen of the early west were reincarnations of Indians who had lived there in former lives, and occult investigators find that groups of Egos are reborn together again and again in the same countries, or nearby countries, where they had spent their lives thousands of years before. In my own case, I am convinced that the majority of my lives have been lived in the more tropical countries, although I have an indication of one very brief life in England. So far as I can discover, few, if any, lives have been spent in the very cold northern countries. Very definitely I seem to be a creature of the Sun.

In some lives we wear a male body, in others a female. The Ego is bisexual; only the physical body is manifested thus,* and to gain complete experience the Ego must be born sometimes as a man, sometimes as a woman. There is an ancient saying in India that the life before that in which comes the Great Illumination one must be born as a woman, "that one may learn to dance in fetters."

If one realizes that what he is now is the result of all that he has been, of the countless lives which he has lived wherein he has fought and killed, has stolen and lied, has hated and grovelled in terror beneath the invader's sword or ruled with relentless cruelty as the conqueror, then he would have a greater understanding, a deeper compassion for those who have not yet climbed so far on the ladder of life. The woman who condemns her erring sister? What if she could see her own past lives? Harlot and beggar, pilfering slave or thieving merchant; perhaps she has been one or all of these. How then dare she judge another?

*"The Ego is bisexual. Were the Ego sexless, the body would necessarily be sexless also; for the body is but the external symbol of the indwelling spirit."—(*The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*, page 267.)

The truly wise is the one who knows that he too has been as the lowest and that as he has climbed through countless lives of toil and pain, so must all; and he holds out a hand of compassion to those below, that they may climb more surely, more swiftly, avoiding the places where he has fallen, until they reach the Goal toward which all men, however blindly, are moving. And it is well for those who know that they have climbed a little higher than others, to realize that even as they have reached a few rungs above others, so above them stretches a great Path upon which stand Holy Ones who have once stood where they now stand.

It should be understood that to make investigations into past lives in a thoroughly accurate manner, it is necessary to be able to function in the higher bodies

and to read direct from the Memory of Nature. However, to those who are definitely interested and who know something of the laws which govern these things, come glimpses of the past that are revealing and valuable, but the imagination must not be allowed to run riot, nor vanity bring about false pictures. Most of us have been common people in many of our other lives, just as we are in this. If we have not, then at some time we must tread the lowly path that we may learn its lessons also.

It is certainly not advisable to seek to tear the veil that shields us from remembering our past lives through mere curiosity, and truly it is often far more comforting to the personal vanity to remain in ignorance of our past than, unprepared, to open the door to other lives.

FULFILLMENT

By KATHERINE BREID

*I shall put you aside, O body of mine,
When you are outworn,
As often I have put aside
A garment old and torn.
You are but a dwelling-place
For my immortal soul;
Not the beginning and end of me—
This one life is not my goal.
And when my knowledge-thirsting mind
Grows restless in this dwelling-place,
It will go to a higher plane
That will this present life efface.*

*I shall not fear this thing called "Death,"
Knowing it brings but another life,
And that the innermost self lives on
No matter how bitter recurrent strife.
For this I know: my innermost self
Is a part of Nature's whole,
And the secret of the Universe
Lies unrevealed within the soul
Until, returning to Earth again and again,
It slowly rises to perfection's state,
Then, with all lessons learned becomes free,
And goes to its ultimate fate.*

Prayer

By MAX HEINDEL

(First published in the "Echoes" of March 1914)

 IN ONE place the Bible directs us to pray without ceasing, in another Christ repudiates the practice, saying that we should not imitate those who believe they are heard for their many words. There can of course be no contradiction between the words of Christ and those of His disciples, and we must therefore reconstruct our ideas of prayer in such a manner that we may pray always and yet without voluminous verbal or mental expression. Emerson said :

"Although your knees were never bent,
To heaven your hourly prayers are sent.
And be they formed for good or ill,
Are registered and answered still."

In other words, every act is a prayer which under the Law of Cause and Effect brings to us adequate results. We get exactly what we want. Expression in words is not necessary, but sustained action along a certain line indicates what we wish even if we ourselves do not realize it. In time, longer or shorter, according to the intensity of our desires there comes that which we have thus prayed for. The things thus gained or achieved may not be what we really and consciously want; in fact, sometimes we may get something we would far sooner be without, something that is a curse and a scourge. But the prayer-act has brought them to us, and we must keep them until we can legitimately get rid of them.

If we throw a stone into the air, the act is not complete until the reaction has carried the stone back to the earth. In that case the effect follows the cause so speedily that it is not difficult to connect the two. But if we wind the spring

of an alarm clock, the power is stored up in the spring until a certain mechanism releases it, then comes the effect, the ringing of a bell, and though we may have been sleeping the sleep of forgetfulness, the reaction or unwinding of the spring takes place just the same. Similarly, acts which we have forgotten will sometime or another produce their results, regardless; and thus the prayer of action is answered.

But there is the true mystic prayer, the prayer in which we meet God face to face as Elijah met Him. Not in the tumult of the world, the wind, the earthquake or the fire, but when all is still the soundless voice speaks to us from within. But the silence which is required for this experience is not a mere silence of words; there are not even the inward pictures which usually pass before us in meditation, nor are there thoughts, but our whole being resembles a calm, crystal-clear lake. In it Deity mirrors Itself, and we experience the unity which makes communication unnecessary either by words or in any other way, for we feel all that God feels. He is nearer than hands and feet.

The Christ taught us to say, "Our Father which art in Heaven," etc. That prayer is the most sublime which can be given utterance in words, but the mystic prayer of which I am speaking may at the moment of union give itself utterance in the one unspoken word, "Father." The devotee, when he is truly in the mood for prayer, never gets any farther. He makes no requests, for what is the use? Has he not the promise, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want"? Has he not been told to "seek the Kingdom of God and all these things shall be added"? His attitude can perhaps best be understood if we take the

simile of a faithful dog looking with dumb devotion into its master's face, its whole soul pouring itself out through its eyes in love. Likewise, only of course with much greater intensity, does the true mystic look to *the God within* and pour himself or herself out in voiceless adora-

tion. In this way we may pray inwardly without ceasing while we work as zealous servants in the world without. Let us always remember that it is not intended that we should dream our lives away, but while we *pray to God within*, we must also *work for God without*.

The Battle for Love

By MARGARET BACHMEYER

 **W**O thousand years ago "The Lord of Love" took His departure from His disciples with these words, "Peace I leave with you. . . . Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." (John 14:27.) Today the world is torn and bleeding and fear grips the heart. "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment." (I John 4:18.) Love is the cohesive quality in the world. If we love truly and unselfishly we are made perfect in love.

As we move toward the periphery of individualism, of separateness, the veil thickens, illusions increase. When far apart we see each other, not wholly and truly, but as beings small and distorted. Out there we look through windows frosted by prejudices, hurt pride, envy, resentment, and our distant brothers seem unlovely and grotesque.

Reality lies toward the center. As we come toward the center true sight increases. If we heap our coals of Love, we will soon feel the warmth of brotherly love, and fear will be cast out. In the light of love we always see each other as we essentially are. We are of His image. Can a fire be put out by poking it with a sword? Wiser than mind is Love. Why have we failed in spreading this cohesive, adhesive quality in the world? Many golden voices have testified to the value of Love; have left their words on the pages of time that we should profit by them.

St. John, the Divine: "He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him."

Thomas a Kempis: "He that loveth fieth, runneth, and rejoiceth; he is free and is not bound."

Shakespeare: "We must love men, ere to us they will seem worthy of love."

Paracelsus: "The highest power of the intellect, if not illuminated by love, is only a high grade of animal intellect."

Epictetus: "The universe is one great city, full of beloved ones, divine and human, by nature endeared to each other."

Quintilian: "Be kind in the name of the Universal Brotherhood which binds together all men under the common Father of all."

Tagore: "It is not a mere sentiment; it is truth; it is joy that is at the root of all creation."

The words of a Master: "Three sins there are which work more harm than all else in the world—gossip, cruelty, and superstition — because they are sins against Love."

St. Paul's tremendous statement: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not Love, I am become as a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not Love, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my

body to be burned, and have not Love, it profiteth me nothing. Love suffereth long, and is kind."

Hundreds more could be quoted. All the mighty World Lovers have told us of this magic heart-flower, the perfume of which makes us gentle, makes us forgive wrongs, makes us kind. Their voices call us to the Temple of Peace. Do we hear the call?

We sometimes call it Brotherhood, just another way of spelling Love.

We hear the voice of Jesus calling down through the years: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another even as I have loved you." Do we who profess to follow Him, heed His command? Love is the harmony of the universe.

Simms says: "Love is but another name for that inscrutable presence by which the soul is connected with all humanity."

Quarles said: "If thou neglectest thy love to thy neighbor, in vain thou prospereth thy love for God."

Love is the golden link which binds us to duty and truth, the redeeming prin-

ciple that reconciles us to Christ. Love is a flame which burns in heaven, and the soft reflections radiate to us; it is by love that we may approach God.

If all who *professed* to follow the teachings of the Christ, truly radiated Love to all, soon there would be no cause for War.

How truly the song writer put it: "Do you know the world is dying for a little bit of Love."

When we who know the plan, and can feel ourselves a cell (a unit) in the cosmic body, and know there is but one life flowing through all; if we radiate but love to all units of His body, the effect will be felt by all. Try it for one day or one week: feel love toward all you meet, all you think of; send love to all the sufferers and bereaved. Allow yourself to become a channel for the Lord of Love to use, then you will see His words come true—"I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

This is our work; will you enlist in this battle for love? will you help drive war and hate from this world, in Christ's name?

A Letter from Great Britain

January, 1941.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship

Mrs. Max Heindel

Oceanside, California, U.S.A.

DEAR MRS. HEINDEL:

I have had it in mind for some time to write to you. This is the season for greetings, but this year we have sent very few, partly because we are asked not to on account of the paper shortage, and partly on account of difficulty and slowness in communications, not to mention the expense. But there are a few greetings I feel must go and this is one of them.

Here in Great Britain we are very close to the war and though air raids on a large scale have not to date taken place in Edinburgh and Glasgow, we never can

tell when one is coming. We have to say with the Preacher "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day or an hour may bring forth."

Max Heindel's occult light on the last war is applicable to this one, and I often think of his revelation that the British of today are, with large mixtures of other spirits, the Romans who overthrew Carthage and exterminated her people. This gives a very real and valid explanation of the hatred that has been smouldering in the hearts of the Germans for so long and has now blazed forth for the second time in 26 years. There could not be a better illustration of the dreadful power of misdirected spiritual and mental forces than the destruction that

has been wrought in Europe and England by the Carthaginians of 2000 years ago and the Germans of today. Having all this in mind, though naturally I do not talk about it much, I miss no opportunity of trying to impress on the younger generations that to make a success of the peace after the war they will need all the magnanimity of which they are capable, or, to put it better, they must be great-hearted. If they can conquer themselves there will be no fear for the future. If the Rosicrucian teachings mean anything they show that a man's worst and only real foe is himself.

I fear the conditions in the inner worlds must be very bad. Not that there have been heavy casualties in battle, because there have not, but when one thinks of the deaths in Europe—especially in Poland—and the casualties of air raids, it is obvious that the fear which has been so potent for several years must be worse than ever. And the anxiety and terror of many sufferers on this side must have reactions in the beyond. The Invisible Helpers must feel their task a heavy one—that is, those who work consciously in the desire world—but then the opportunity is so much the greater because of the difficulty.

Though I have, perforce, had to cease subscriptions for the Rosicrucian Magazine, it has been coming as well as the monthly Student's and Probationer's letters. It is very good of you to continue—but I feel there are those in Great Britain who need them more than I do. After all I have been connected with the Fellowship for close on thirty years and have, if I may say so, a good working knowledge of the Philosophy and Teachings, so when it is a question of removing names from your mailing list, mine should be among the first to go. I will keep in touch by means of the Probationer's monthly and yearly reports. In my case the former may be—and are—sketchy, but even so the tie with the Teacher and Headquarters is maintained.

I hope Mt. Ecclesia Sanitarium is progressing, I cannot say I see any

chance of the panacea being made available for a long while, but if we can succeed in crushing down and transmuting the forces of fear and hatred after the war, a big step will have been taken towards bringing about the conditions in which the Elder Brothers could feel justified in releasing the panacea. Certainly we are all being drawn closer all the time, friend and foe alike, whether we realize it or not, and that will have effects we do not yet foresee, effects that will break down some of these terrible barriers.

Now for a more personal note. I am here in — working in the Ministry of —. My age puts me out of the running for anything but an old man's job, though actually I am well and more active than many who are considerably younger. Still an engineer feels he should be doing engineering.

Please give my greetings to the workers at Mount Ecclesia, as some at least of them will not have forgotten us. With all good wishes and kindest remembrances to you, I am,

Yours sincerely,
P.A.R.

ART IN HUMAN EVOLUTION

(Continued from page 105)

poet sees in the simple daisy "thoughts too deep for tears." When we have grown to such understanding as this, we can never be blinded by illusion. We look deeply into all things, find "sermons in stones" and divinity everywhere. Through art, I have found the margin, at least, to the wonders of the unseen world of spirit. I shall keep on and on, finding more and more to make life marvelous, purposeful, glorious, and each day an adventure. We can all do this. We are all on the path at various places. The next step onward is the one for us next to take, and on the path which is our highest choice. In this way, we are constantly growing nearer to God and Godlike understanding.

The Greatest Necessity

By MARGARET THORPE

 HERE is a triangle that most serious-minded people think all important—Life, Death, Immortality. But why do they leave out Life's twin, without which there is no taste in life? I refer to Love, whether personal or Universal. It is all important for gangster and saint alike. Pitiable indeed is a person who has no one to love him. It may be a child's love, or only a dog's, but it is a necessity. We are told that little children reared in good orphanages never do quite so well as those reared in homes. They frequently pine away and die due to the lack of motherly love. Life is always worth living, its buffets worth bearing if there is someone with whom we still share our joys and sorrows. The all-sufficient one who brags that he needs no one to love him, will spend many a lonely day and will not develop much spiritually. He doesn't know what is wrong with his life, why all the things he does seem as dust and ashes to him. It is only the touch of love that all living things need. Some day we shall all realize why God is Love.

Ties of love bind one—that is true—and so do ties of hate. Life after life those ties continue and are renewed until love alone remains. There is a story of a small girl who had a vision early in life—of love. Throughout the various stages of her life she wondered when it would come and what would be the meaning of it when it did come. Why should she wait? What for? When the dream had almost faded from her consciousness, the experience came suddenly and shortly. One day she walked into the presence of a great man—on business only. As she approached this quiet old gentleman, a door of the past seemed to swing open. She was surrounded by peace and rest. To her astonishment she saw why she had waited so many years to

learn this lesson about love. The flash of consciousness revealed that here was the one so well beloved in another time whom she would not let go—for whom she had committed murder in order not to lose him. The end of this lesson story came after a few months of perfect friendship when the old friend passed out in an automobile accident. Love must not be too tightly held; no wrong must be committed to hold it, for love is always free. The Siamese twins stand forever as a warning that one who dares to love possessively will get what he desires to his evolutionary detriment. And so it goes, that all must remember how great true love is, how everlasting it is, how strong though fragile and beautiful. There is no real love without purity.

The poets who really scale the heights of love can enlighten us. Most of them are mystics. They know of love's purity and glory. They know it is of the soul: sacred, unselfish, eternal, pure and true. They know that spiritual love, not carnal, lasts. They know also that love is even stronger than death and persists after death. Elizabeth Barrett Browning writes of this in her poetry.

Love strong as Death, shall conquer Death
Through struggle made more glorious:
This mother stills her sobbing breath,
Renouncing, yet victorious.

It is true that if we love we must part because loving and parting seem to be natural. Miss Christina Rossetti, the poet, tells of that in her poem, "Meeting." The poets seem to know many things that the average man does not. They know that loved ones will be re-united in heaven. What a comfort that thought must be today to those in the warring zones. In the poem, "The Mourning Mother," Mrs. Browning proves this idea in the following lines:

Look up, O mourning mother,
 Thy blind boy walks in light:
 Ye wait for one another
 Before God's Infinite.
 But thou art now the darkest
 Thou, mother left below—
 Thou, the sole blind,—thou markest
 Content that it be so,
 Until ye two have meeting
 Where heaven's pearly gate is,
 And he shall lead thy feet in,
 As once thou leddest his
 Wait on, thou mourning mother.

Love is bound to bring some joy and satisfaction. The world will seem gayer and brighter for love. The surroundings will be roseate and life will be hopeful. A friend told me of her dear mother appearing to her in meditation in a beautiful pink dress with roseate colors around her. The familiar poem, "A Birthday," by Christina Rossetti is a lyric of happy love.

My heart is like a singing bird
 Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
 My heart is like an apple tree,
 Whose boughs are bent with thickest fruit;
 My heart is like a rainbow shell
 That paddles in a halcyon sea;
 My heart is gladder than all these
 Because my love is come to me.

The sense of quiet happiness, of loving and being loved in return is an ennobling, satisfying influence. Whose life does not need such a sweet, wholesome influence? These are not only Victorian ideas; they are real and everlasting and highly necessary in our own day and time.

If we had more of this kind of love, we would have less of divorce and unhappy marriages. The children would have a grander heritage and a better start in life. It is well at this time of great national crisis to look to our foundation stones of love, marriage, and homes. For the weakness of a nation in the fundamental particulars is the first step in its downfall. Are we in America keeping our homes and marriages solid and sacred? Or is love loose and are divorces and separations rampant? Are

we failing in the rearing of our children as many say we are? We must beware of taking the first step downward, personally or nationally. We are all one. Any evil that creeps into homes soon ruins the state, and then the nation.

I am not speaking of that bubbling, effervescent something that hits jitter bugs and youngsters between the years of fourteen and eighteen. I am speaking of the solid substance, true love, upon which foundation, lives, homes, states, and nation are builded. It is upon such that God builded His great Universe. Love must be as true and lasting as that to make a life, a home, and a nation strong and enduring. It must be able to withstand all the storms of strife and adversity and to grow stronger thereby.

Love is a source of great strength and power. It causes moral courage to rise above physical weaknesses. Love for his fellow man can cause a Lincoln to free slaves, a Washington to endure the terrible hardships of a winter at Valley Forge, a Frances Willard to become a champion for fallen humanity. In *The Tale of Two Cities*, love causes a man to be guillotined for another. Strength and power of soul are obtained by love, whether in realization or denial. Even an animal mother will tackle larger and more ferocious animals to save her beloved cubs. Love makes the whole world kin; it also makes this world go round. Whether we hear it or not, that greatest of all love songs, the music of the spheres, never fails with its heavenly music of perfect love and harmony.

We seek ways to end wars. We frantically pursue one plan after another. We try this and that, then go on building greater engines of destruction. The answer to all this is very simple. Just try practicing the Law of Love; that is the greatest of all necessities. Christ made that law two thousand years ago, and we have never really tried it out. But, thanks be to God, there is even now more than one great organization sweeping around the world telling others of the Law of Love. Thousands are daily practicing

this simple Law of Love in their lives. The good news is spreading into all lands. Little by little, individuals will enlarge and strengthen their circles of love. The powers who work for the good of this world will use these and other people to 'leaven the lump.' We may yet be led out of the wilderness of our grave mistakes by the practical power of love.

"Little children, love one another and so fulfill the Law of Christ" is as true a saying today as it was so long ago. Why can we not accept this precept at face value? The way may not seem so easy to us at first, yet it is worth trying. The power of love cannot be overestimated. Christ and God are still pouring out Their Great Love to us. What are we doing for them? Responding? Passing it on to others or deflecting it? We shall have to overcome evil with good thoughts; inimical ones with peaceful ones; immoral ones with pure ones; and hate with love. Make a habit of radiating the positive virtues. They will join the stream of love and all good thoughts, making the reservoir of Good more powerful to overcome the evil forces. The Elder Brothers use this scheme nightly, and we can do no better than to emulate their example and help them. You believe in the radio; you hear beautiful music coming over the air waves. Then, why can you not better your world by strong thought waves of love, purity, and peace? "Nothing is true except thinking makes it so." Milton and Shakespeare knew the power of thought to create conditions, good or bad. There is no greater dynamic power than that of love to bring about good.

I quote from a Students' letter of August, 1932, that bears directly upon this subject: "We are all most earnestly seeking a solution, ways and means by which we too may be of help to the Lords of Destiny in their work of readjusting and bringing the earth and man back to a more harmonious condition. But so many are helpless and unable to find a way in which they may be of assistance

to these Great Ones who are working behind the scenes.

"First of all, if we desire to be of real use in the world's work, we must be calm and not rush in heedlessly without a definite aim. We must first analyze with a philosopher's cool and analytical insight and so find the cause of the conditions of inharmony and unrest within our immediate surroundings; then we must study the elements which surround this strife and finally in a calm and understanding way find a basis for peace, but while we are doing this we must have calmness and peace within, for without this we can accomplish nothing. All peace must emerge from a peaceful center, our first work must be with self, we must pray for peace, think peace, and express peace in our lives. Then, we too will become radiating centers, bringing peace and harmony to all with whom we come in contact. To try to gloss over, to put a veneer over an inner nature of selfishness, envy, greed, jealousy, and hate may be compared to an apple with a worm eating at its heart.

"The poor world is piled high with the debris of selfishness, with greed for gold and glory. This is now being broken up and put into the fires of adversity and the dross is being burned out; this will then leave the pure gold of the spirit to shine out." So the work of love goes on to uplift and redeem us all.

Love is the greatest cure-all. The Rosicrucian Fellowship teachings have the answer to the world's need and are applying it. For instance: The Healing Department in their letter of June 1941, gives us a practical exercise. I quote the following: "Because of the distress now in the world, let us endeavor to put our shoulders to the wheel, and help to strengthen the Forces of Light, who are working for good.

"Send out thoughts of Divine Love into the Ethers. Then say silently, 'May the Christ love become the Strongest Power in the World.' Then thank God for His blessings. Bless your home, the

Fellowship, the Work, our Country, and all Nations without prejudice.

"Thus we put a Golden Ray of Light into the Ethers that will counteract evil, and help all mankind, strengthening the Forces of Good in their beneficent work for the establishment of the Kingdom of Christ.

"In Divine Love all are healed. May we be strengthened and bring forth His Love."

Can you not readily see what an unusually strong thought wave will be generated by these students, probationers, disciples, and friends who fervently send out these love thoughts into the ethers? The war would soon end if we had enough sincere people who kept this exercise up long enough.

This war has proved that we have been indulging in hate for centuries. Now as the scales of destiny are tipped so far down with its fearful burden, we must reap in sorrow and destruction what we have sown so recklessly. Humanity is willful and learns lessons slowly and only through horrible disasters. Are we ready now to substitute Christ's law of love for our old unprofitable one of hate?

Many people are unconsciously causing much good by the singing of that popular song, "God Bless America." Many thousands of school children, clubs, organizations of various sorts, are fervently filling the ethers with these constructive words. Can you doubt that America will be blessed? Whatever you love you wish to bless. Kate Smith and Irving Berlin were instruments (conscious or unconscious—it matters not) used to start this great song in America at a national crisis. It will bear much good fruit. The prayer in song has been answered. Love for one's country is an ennobling virtue. It is also a necessity.

Finally, the Greatest Love is that of the Christ for us. "When that Glorious Being, The Christ, visited the earth, He came with a message of Love and Brotherhood. He left with mankind a teaching which, if it had been lived up to, would have made the world a paradise,

a place of loving brotherhood, where men would meet each other with the spirit of helpfulness." Let us send out thoughts of love continually to hasten the day when brotherhood will be a fact. The greatest necessity of this world today is Love. God grant that many may have their eyes open to see it. May they begin to use it in their daily lives and so hasten the day when swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and there shall be no more wars and no more need of them. Then the Love of God shall cover the Earth as the waters now cover the seas.

Growing in His Likeness

By VAN W. McELWAIN

I once heard a young man say, "Well, I never did anything of which I was ashamed."

Surely he did not mean that. A hundred times a day I fail to do the things God wants me to, and am ashamed. I fail to do, and act, and speak, the way God wants me to. But He is always with me, and I try again. The missteps I made on yesterday I shall try not to repeat today, for I am on a journey and am still a "long way off." Like the prodigal son I too have heard the still small voice. It speaks, and lo! it is I speaking. I listen and understand, and from the depth of my heart I say, 'God is my Love. He is my Light, my Life. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.'

And while the voice is yet speaking, I fervently thank God that He has made me to see my shortcomings, so that I may improve. For only as we see and understand our lack of perfection can we grow in His likeness.

For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection.—(Romans 6:5.)

A ROSICRUCIAN CATECHISM

Bodies, Human and Animal

By EDWARD ADAMS

Q. How does the Ego attain the waking state of consciousness in the Physical World?

A. The Ego enters *into* the dense body and connects these organless vehicles (desire body, etc.) with the physical sense centers.

Q. How do these higher vehicles become of value at present?

A. By means of their connection with the highly organized mechanism of the dense body.

Q. Why is the dense body the lowest vehicle?

A. Because it is the most unwieldy, correlating man to the world of sense with all the limitations implied.

Q. What stage of development is the dense body in?

A. In the fourth stage of development, and it is marvelously efficient.

Q. What stage of development is the vital body in?

A. In its third stage, and less completely organized than the dense body.

Q. What is the state of the desire body and mind?

A. They are as yet mere clouds, almost entirely unorganized.

Q. What are they like in the lowest human forms?

A. They are not even ovoids, but more or less undefined in form.

Q. How should the dense body be regarded?

A. As a wonderfully constructed instrument.

Q. How is the femur (thigh bone) built?

A. On the outside it is built of a thin layer of compact bone, strengthened on the inside by beams and cross-beams of cancellated bone.

Q. How are the bones of the skull built?

A. They are built in similar manner, always the least possible material used and the maximum of strength obtained.

Q. What does the wise man do about his body?

A. He takes the best possible care of it, because he knows it is the most valuable of his present instruments.

Q. What world has the animal spirit reached in its descent?

A. It has reached only the Desire World.

Q. What type of spirit has the animal?

A. It has no *indwelling* spirit, but a group-spirit, which directs it from without.

Q. What bodies does the animal possess?

A. The dense body, the vital, and the desire body.

Q. What is the position of the vital and desire body of the animal?

A. They are not entirely within the dense body, especially where the head is concerned.

Q. What about the etheric head of the horse?

A. It projects far beyond and above the dense physical head.

Q. If, as in rare cases, the etheric head of the horse draws into the head of the dense body, what happens?

A. Then the horse can learn to read, count, and work simple problems in arithmetic.

Q. What do domesticated animals sense?

A. They sense the Desire World, though not always realizing the difference between it and the Physical World.

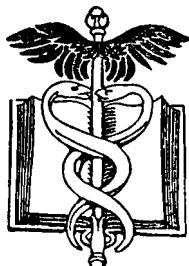
(Reference: *Cosmo*, pages 75-77)

WESTERN WISDOM BIBLE STUDY



The Transfiguration

By JANE TEMPLETON



And after six days Jesus taketh with him Peter, and James, and John, and leadeth them up into an high mountain apart by themselves: and he was transfigured before them.

And his raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow; so as no fuller on earth can white them.

And there appeared unto them Elias and Moses: and they were talking with Jesus.

And Peter answered and said to Jesus, Master, it is good for us to be here: and let us make three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias.

For he wist not what to say; for they were sore afraid.

And there was a cloud that overshadowed them: and a voice came out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son: hear him.

And suddenly, when they had looked round about, they saw no man any more, save Jesus only with themselves.

And as they came down from the mountain, he charged them that they should tell no man what things they had seen, till the Son of man were risen from the dead.

And they kept that saying with themselves, questioning one with another what the rising from the dead should mean.

And they asked him, saying, Why say the scribes that Elias must first come?

And he answered and told them, Elias verily cometh first, and restoreth all things; and how it is written of the Son of man, that he must suffer many things, and be set at nought.

But I say unto you, That Elias is indeed come, and they have done unto him whatsoever they listed, as it is written of him. (Mark 9:2-13.)

This sublime experience is repeated in the life of every follower "in His steps." Actually, a process of transmutation is going on in the vehicles of every spiritual aspirant, and the time will come when the effulgence of the Spirit within will shine forth in all its glory.

When a real spiritual awakening occurs in anyone, there follows a downpouring

of Spirit, which is an actual fact, and the spinal Spirit Fire is augmented enormously. Forthwith begins a process of regeneration which purges the threefold body of gross substances and makes the vehicles more responsive to spiritual impulses.

The spiritual awakening which starts the regenerative process in the Christian Mystic who grows by prayer and service, acts in a different way in those seeking God through knowledge and service. In the Christian Mystic the Spirit Fire is concentrated largely upon the lunar segment of the spinal cord, his spiritual growth being accomplished by simple faith. He draws down the white Light of Deity reflected through the Holy Spirit, and attains the wisdom of the world without intellectual effort. His body is transmuted into the white Philosopher's Stone.

In the strongly mental person, the regenerative Fire plays upon the segments of the red Mars and the colorless Mercury, infusing desire with reason, purifying the former of the primal passion and thus transmuting the body into the red Philosopher's Stone.

Everyone on the Path, whether occultist or mystic, is weaving the golden wedding garment, by inner and outer work. In some the gold is very pale, in others deeply red. Ultimately, when the process of Transfiguration is nearing completion, the extremes will blend, and the transfigured bodies will be balanced in color. In the Kingdom of Christ the diversities of present attainment will disappear, and a uniform color indicating both knowledge and devotion will be acquired by all. Then the Transfiguration of humanity will be complete.

The Astral Ray

Astrology is a phase of Mystic Religion, as sublime as the stars with which it deals, and not to be confused with fortunetelling. The educational value of astrology lies in its capacity to reveal the hidden causes at work in our lives. It counsels the adults in regard to vocation, the parents in the guidance of children, the teachers in management of pupils, the judges in executing sentence, the physicians in diagnosing disease, and in similar manner lends aid to each and all in whatever station or enterprise they may find themselves.

The laws of Rebirth and Consequence work in harmony with the stars, so that a child is born *at the time when the positions of the bodies in the solar system will give the conditions necessary* for its experience and advancement in the school of life.

Astrological Findings

By BESSIE BOYLE CAMPBELL

 An astrology student told me of conversing with two other travelers on a trip. One had heavy afflictions from Sagittarius and had lost a limb in the war; the other had three malefics in Gemini in bad aspect and had lost an arm in battle. He asked the latter if he had had trouble with his sisters or brothers at the time of the accident, and he replied in a surprised tone, "How did you know that? I had very serious trouble with them then."

If you know what the signs rule, it is easy to predict certain events.

If people tell me they are able to "rule their stars," I ask them *what happened* when their progressed Moon came to a conjunction with their Saturn, and also what they did when their progressed Moon made a conjunction with their radical Venus, and whether the two experiences were very different from the standpoint of mental attitude. I will disregard their boast. God's justice is proven by such progressions of the Moon bringing events into each one's life, happy and otherwise, at stated times.

Many young married people ask me when they could have a child and I have successfully predicted that conceptions would occur when their progressed Moon went trine, or to a conjunction, or square, to their Sun, Uranus, Mars, and Venus, with other major aspects supporting the decision.

These young women I found possessed the true mother's heart, shown by a well-aspected Venus and Jupiter. The words of Arthur Brisbane come to my mind: "The mother's object of earthly adoration, the reflection in her soul, divine goodness, is the baby entrusted to her care. She loves that feeble creature and sees in its little half-formed face angelic perfection. She wishes for all other babies the happiness that she wishes for her own. The sorrow of another mother she feels as if it were her own. For herself she asks nothing; for her child, she hopes and prays for everything."

One's Fifth House shows the quality of his or her love nature. The Seventh House shows our success with partners and the public. A chart which we read recently in my class was that of a couple who had been divorced recently because they quarreled so much in the store. The husband said it drove the customers away. Each of them had two malefics in the Seventh House.

The Sun trine to the Moon in one's horoscope shows harmony in the soul and a will that can control all action, giving great control over one's experiences. The will is the force that ensouls a thought: it is will itself which is our motive power, according to Max Heindel.

If you have a progressed square and a trine operating at the same time in your

horoscope it gives a condition similar to a day in California—sunshiny and clear but with a cold wind blowing from the North at the same time.

In December 1932, in Los Angeles, we had a very unusual event in weather—two inches of snow, brought on by the aspects of Mars and Saturn in conjunction square to Uranus, and these transits making two squares to the horoscope of Los Angeles.

A friend of mine claims that she met her husband by heeding the following: "Make every occasion a grand one, for you know not but Fate is taking your measure for a grand place in life." She said her eyes fell on these lines one morning when she was dressing in her oldest clothes, responding to the influence of the Moon's square to Venus, which was the vibration for the time being. After she had noticed the aspect she went back and put on the best or most becoming clothes she had and went out with her head held high from the hope that the quotation which she had just read might work out. She went to a hotel to luncheon with her aunt, and was introduced to the man of her dreams, who was a stranger. The oncoming aspects were fine for the rest of the day and the square to Venus had passed by the time she had re-dressed herself.

In a young lady's solar return for one year, she had the Moon trine to Venus and she married that year, but in the solar return for the next year she had the Moon squared again and was divorced. The outstanding aspects in these charts show the big events of the year.

A progressed aspect between your Uranus and Mercury will allow no stagnation of mind, and you will find that you will never be the same again after you have gone through a progressed aspect of Uranus and any of your major plan-

ets. From these aspects one realizes that "one pays aesthetically for dissipating physically." "Out of vice our souls reap virtue in purgatory."

People with many squares and fixed lines do not have to be told that their life is just one grand growing pain.

People with well aspected Mars, or the Sun, in their horoscopes realize the truth in Mathew Arnold's words: "Not a having and resting, but a growing and becoming, is the true character of perfection."

People with malefics in Pisces know that sorrows aid one in gaining spiritual insight and that speculations upon Truth follow, bringing out their Divinity as nothing else could.

At a time when a group of us were watching the daily transiting aspects to see how they would affect the general public, when there came a morning that the Moon was square to Mars, all the small children in the neighborhood were spanked; and on a morning that the Moon was trine to Venus, they would gather in the back yard and sing songs and play that they were movie stars.

Within a recent six months the two biggest rises in the stock market came when the Sun was trine to Uranus and when it made a conjunction to Jupiter.

Never move into a house at a time that it will put Saturn in the sixth house of the horoscope. I did that lately and we had a good deal of sickness. Although we tried to move at a different time, the moving truck caught on fire and broke down but as the oncoming aspect was the Moon in conjunction to Jupiter, it did not burn up.

A very happily married young couple came to ask me some advice the other day. I noticed in their horoscope they both had Saturn and Venus in conjunction in opposition to Mercury. One had the con-

(Continued on page 122)

Astrological Readings for Subscribers' Children

We delineate each month in this department the horoscope of *ONE* of our subscribers' children, age up to twenty-one years. This includes a general reading and also vocational guidance advice. The names are drawn by lot. Each FULL year's subscription, either a new one or a renewal, entitles the subscriber to an *application* for a reading. The application should be made when the subscription is sent in. The applications not drawn by lot lose their opportunity for a reading. *Readings are NOT given with EACH subscription, but only to the ONE CHILD whose name is drawn each month.*

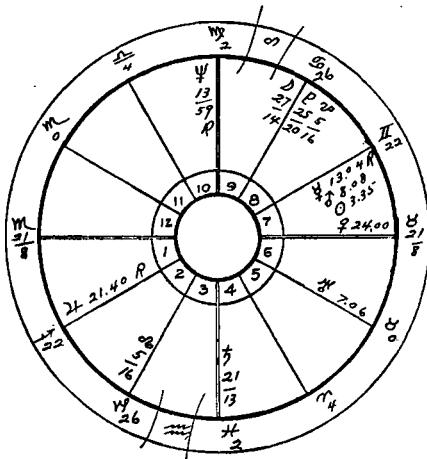
In applying be sure to give name, sex, birthplace; and year, month, and day of birth; also hour and minute of birth as nearly as possible. If the time of birth is *Daylight Saving Time*, be sure to state this, otherwise the delineation will be in error.

We neither set up nor read horoscopes for money, and we give astrological readings only in this magazine.

ROBERT H. A.

Born May 24, 1936, 5:42 P. M.

Latitude 39 N. Longitude 84 W.



We have for our reading this month the horoscope of a young boy with the fixed sign Scorpio on the Ascendant and his life ruler, Mars, in the 7th house in Gemini, the sign which rules the hands. Mars is conjoined the Sun and Mercury, ruler of Gemini, indicating one who will be very clever with the hands. We also find Venus strong in its own home sign of Taurus, conjunct the Sun in Gemini, and also sextile Saturn in Pisces, and Pluto and the Moon in Cancer, the home sign of the Moon. What a wonderful grouping of planets; what marvelous work can be expected from this young man when he grows to manhood.

These young people are now being prepared to carry on the work which will be needed after the world has adjusted itself, when new and more progressive

after-war conditions are facing mankind. Such boys as we have here will have a heavy responsibility, and one with the above aspects could render invaluable service.

Having this 7th house Mars (indicating the public), with its aspects and its artistic backing, and such a fine Venus, this native should be trained to use the hands constructively. Mars and Mercury are in conjunction, Mercury also being in its home sign (we find four planets all in their home signs, Venus, Mercury, Moon, and Jupiter) giving a quick and a keen mind, with strong artistic tendencies. Pluto and the Moon in the sign Cancer, which represents the home, sextile Venus and trine Saturn would indicate that the interests would be centered in the building arts, about the home and its beautification and construction. If the parents would begin early to develop this side of his nature, perhaps through the study of architectural drawing and building, he may become a most useful citizen in the rehabilitating and rebuilding parts of the after-war work.

With an elevated Neptune in the 10th house trine Uranus this boy will be mystically inclined, and given a little encouragement he will imbibe this higher teaching while still young. We find one dangerous aspect which we feel should be brought out and the parents warned. This highly placed Neptune, just mentioned, is also afflicted by squares from Mercury and Jupiter, all three planets in common signs; thus a tendency is shown towards untruthfulness and a leaning towards taking things which do not be-

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE ADVICE

THESE PAGES are a free service for readers—whether subscribers or not. Advice is based on the horoscope; therefore please give us the following information: Sex, place of birth; year, day of month, and hour; full name. No readings given except in the Magazine and ONLY FOR PERSONS 14 TO 55 YEARS OF AGE.—EDITOR.

Organizer. Leader

FRANCIS A. N.—Born December 25, 1905, 5:15 A. M. Lat. 39 N. Long. 121 W. This man has Mercury, Venus and the Moon conjoined in the 1st house in Sagittarius and the Moon also in sextile to the dynamic conjunction of Mars and Saturn in the humanitarian sign Aquarius. The last named conjunction gives the native much force and determination and with the well-placed Venus, Moon, and Mercury, we would expect a man who would align himself with some humanitarian work. These indications are strengthened by the Sun conjoined the humanitarian Uranus in the 1st house sextiling both Saturn and Mars. My! what an opportunity, if this man will but check the restless Moon in Sagittarius and stick to one thing. He could be a leader, a lecturer, or an organizer.

Children's Teacher

CORA P.—Born March 11, 1893, 2:30 A.M. Lat. 42 N. Long. 83 W. Pluto and Neptune are conjoined in the sign of the hands, Gemini, trine Saturn and sextile Mercury, with Pluto and Neptune in the 5th house, denoting schools, institutions of learning, children. Nurse or teacher in institution where children are trained and housed; also teacher of metaphysics.

Musician. Writer

ALFRED W.—Born July 24, 1926, 10:30 A.M. Lat. 51 N. Long. 7 E. With a very well aspected and elevated Venus conjunction the Midheaven and sextile Mercury, Moon, and Uranus, we would advise music and art, especially the former, and with Jupiter in the 6th house (employment) this young man will not find it hard to procure jobs. Jupiter in this position attracts the attention and good will of the employer. His educa-

tion should include advanced English and public speaking.

Decorator

RAYMOND J. R.—Born May 3, 1906, 2 A.M. Lat. 41 N. Long. 74 W. Venus is conjoined Mars in Gemini, with Jupiter in this same sign sextile Mercury; also we find the Sun in the artistic Venusian sign Taurus sextile Neptune. This man could not make a mistake if he followed the arts and crafts, creative work in decoration of homes, etc.

Department Manager

ADA R. S.—Born February 4, 1894, 12 Noon. Lat. 52 N. Long. 2 W. With Mars in the 7th house sextile Mercury and the Sun which are in the 10th house, also sextile Saturn in its sign of exaltation, Libra, we would advise salesmanship or other work dealing with the public. Would make a good department manager.

Secret Service

ELEANORE G.—Born January 1, 1909, 6 A.M. Lat. 41 N. Long. 82 W. We have here a most interesting horoscope in that the Ascendant is under the sign of Sagittarius with the Saturian sign Capricorn intercepted in the 1st house. Jupiter, the ruler, is in the mercurial sign Virgo. Both Virgo and Capricorn are signs of keenness and suspicion, and their suspicion and intuition make them very quick in finding out hidden things. In this horoscope we find the Sun, Mercury, and Uranus conjunct in Capricorn and these three planets are sextile a very strong Mars in its own sign Scorpio, with Jupiter also trine these three planets in Capricorn and the Moon in Taurus. Hence we may see how all of the planets are strong for the vocation of secret service or detective work.

Food Manufacturing

NELLIE B. L.—Born July 9, 1888, 1:10 P.M. Lat. 39 N. Long. 92 W. This woman at the age of 54 years asks if she will soon be too old to continue successfully in the vocation of farming. This outdoor work is one of the most healthful of all vocations. Mercury, Venus, Sun, and the Moon all in the sign Cancer and elevated in the 9th house, square Uranus and Mars, would indicate that by changing she would shorten her life by indiscretion and poor choice of foods in large proportions. But this same aspect may be used most profitably if she would raise fruits on her farm and can them and make jelly, jam, etc., of them for the market. This would be the most successful vocation.

Farming

THOMAS N.—Born July 11, 1890, 11 P.M. Lat. 60 N. Long. 2 W. This man at the age of 52 asks if he could find another vocation; he has been for 38 years on a farm, but is not making enough money so desires to change. We would advise that he remain with farming. At this time wheat, potatoes, corn, etc., will be needed by the government of Canada where his home is, and this vocation will at this time be the best paying for a man of his age.

Clerk. Saleswoman

ELSIE L. W.—Born July 25, 1911, 12 Noon. Lat. 46 N. Long. 74 W. With Mercury in Leo in the 10th house, the Sun also in Leo conjoined the Midheaven, and with Mars and Saturn in the 7th house, showing both the 7th and 10th houses occupied by planets we would advise dealing with the public as sales manager or clerk. We also desire at this time to warn this woman against ever trying to develop along psychic lines, for the Moon conjoined Neptune in the 9th house in opposition to Uranus shows danger in this field.

Music. Building Trades

JOSEPH DeR.—Born March 23, 1894, 1:30 A.M. Lat. 42 N. Long. 77 W. The

Moon is conjoined Saturn and the Midheaven in a Venusian sign, Libra, trine to Venus in Aquarius. Jupiter in another Venus sign, Taurus, is trine Mars in Capricorn. We would advise music as a vocation, and as second choice the building trades.

Research. Secretary

MARGARET P. S.—Born January 3, 1908, 1:30 P.M. Lat. 41 N. Long. 90 W. With Mercury, Moon, Sun, Uranus, and the Dragon's Tail elevated in the sign of Capricorn, and Saturn and Mars in the sign of secrets, Pisces, we would suggest that this woman interest herself in research work, detective and governmental work. The Sun and Uranus conjunction in the 9th house would also be helpful in church work; social secretarial work.

Clerk. Masseur

CHRISTIAN H.—Born May 4, 1891, 2:30 A.M. Lat. 42 N. Long. 80 W. With Jupiter in its own sign Pisces on the Ascendant in conjunction to the Moon and sextile the Sun, and the Moon also sextile Mercury, and both Mercury and the Sun in the 2nd house representing the finances, we would advise this man to affiliate himself with a banking house as clerk or manager. Or we may take the planets which are in Gemini, the sign representing the hands, and we find Neptune, Dragon's Head, Pluto, and Mars all conjoined in this sign—a second best vocation would be masseur or osteopathic physician.

Librarian. Hostess

RUTH H.—Born March 31, 1887, 5:30 A.M. Lat. 42 N. Long. 80 W. Mercury is conjoined the Ascendant and square the Moon; also Mars is in its own sign Aries conjunct the Sun in the 1st house—this woman would not be happy where she cannot be the leader, she makes a poor follower. Hence, at the age of fifty-four, we would advise conducting a reading room or metaphysical library, or being a hostess in a club house or some institution.

Worth-While News



The Wonderful Bean

Although far from being America's chief crop, either in acres or pounds, the soybean is beginning to touch more phases of our living than any other plant. It can furnish your personal needs from the hat on your head to vitamin B in your lunch; from the linoleum on your floor to the ink in your fountain pen. You can button your coat, keep the rain off, and doctor your liver with soys.

These beans are invading our industrial economy at an ever-increasing rate. The shiny new auto that will roll off the Ford assembly line a year or two from now will be largely a soybean job. Soybeans furnish paint for your house and pep for your ambition. . . .

In an emergency they could pinch hit for some of our most vital needs. If our dairy cows were wiped out by an epidemic or invasion, we could stop the gap with synthetic dairy products from soybeans. If hogs and beef cattle went the same way, we could get along nicely on soy meats and fats. In both meats and dairy products they would replace all the essential food values, even down to the last vitamin. . . .

Near Nashville, Tenn., Madison College feeds its entire student body of 400 on dormitory menus consisting chiefly of soy foods. At this institution the physical development of the student is just as important a part of the college's educational program as mental training, and soy foods are the basis of its health teaching and practice. It is a Seventh Day Adventist school, is strictly vegetarian in its diet philosophy, and all animal meats are forbidden. They insist and can prove that the B vitamins in which meats are strong are just as plentiful in their soy bean foods.

The sanitarium solicits commercial patrons, has 100 beds and keeps them full. It brings in a tremendous amount of revenue to the college, gives premedical training to the boys, and turns out many graduate nurses each year among the girls. But one of the sanitarium's chief functions is to demonstrate to its patients and to the world the value of its soy foods in building run-down persons back to health. . . .

In its processing practically every part of the bean can be used except the shadow. It is generally separated into two parts—

the oil and the cake. From the oil the paints are made. It is also manufactured into salad oils, cooking oils, butter and lard. . . . Made into a liquid plastic, soys are being used to make a high quality leather finish. This plastic produces a tough flexible coating. One tanner is using it to produce a high-grade calfskin. Several paper mills use this liquid plastic as a water-resistant sizing. In textile goods it produces a semi-permanent stiffening that resists several launderings.

These beans are also being translated into candles, printers' ink, floor coverings, water-proof goods, celluloid substitutes, rubber, medicinal substances, vegetable caseins, insecticides, soap, glycerine, explosives, etc. Over 2,000,000 bushels a year are converted into glue.—Ross L. Holman in *Successful Living*, February 1942.

The animals are evolving spirits and have sensibilities. It is their desire for experience that causes them to build forms. When we take their forms away from them we deprive them of their opportunity for gaining experience, thereby hindering instead of helping them in their evolution.

Meat was added to man's diet in order to lower his vibration and thereby densify his physical body to the extent that he might contact and function in the physical world. It also developed his energy and fostered courage. When meat was added to man's diet (in the Atlantean Epoch), the animals were not nearly so conscious of life on the physical plane as they now are, and therefore the loss of their physical form did not mean so much to them as it does at the present time. Furthermore the animal's passionate desire body was much less developed than now, and its physical body quite differently constituted. It is natural that we should desire the very best of food; but every animal today has in it the poisons of decay. The venous blood is filled with carbon dioxide and other

noxious products on their way to the kidneys and pores of the skin to be expelled as urine and perspiration. These loathsome substances are in every part of the animal's flesh and when we eat such food we fill our own bodies with toxic poisons. Hence much of our illness is due to the use of flesh food.

The earth has reached the nadir of physical density and its future evolution now depends on its etherealization. Man has also reached the nadir of physical density and much of his future development depends on raising the vibration of his physical body in order that he may separate the light and reflecting ethers from it and build them into a new vehicle, the soul body, in which he will function when the earth becomes etherealized and the physical body is discarded. Meat-eating directly hinders this process, for it generates low cunning, self-assertion, ferocity, and depravity, and lowers the vibration, and the energy obtained from it is largely expended in digestion. In other words, meat-eating is no longer in line with the evolution of the pioneers who are forging ahead in their development; but for those who are not yet ready to take this forward step, it is still permissible. The time is coming, however, when all must either give up this practice or else fall behind in their evolution, which certainly is a most serious matter.

The world's evolution is nearing a time when the most advanced creations of the animal kingdom are to be withdrawn from this particular Day of Manifestation. Knowing this the great Beings in charge of evolution have already begun to prepare a food which will abundantly take care of all man's needs when animal products are no longer available, as the foregoing article ably demonstrates. The time is not far distant when partaking of animal food will be as abhorrent to the masses of humanity as cannibalism is today.

Heart Stops 20 Minutes But Patient Lives

CHICAGO, Jan. 7.—A patient whose heart stopped beating for 20 minutes during an operation did not die but left the hospital "in good condition" 60 days later.

This is reported in the January 10 issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. The report was that of Drs. Herbert D. Adams and Leo V. Hand of Boston, who said:

"This case demonstrates that a heart arrest compatible with normal recovery is much longer than formerly appreciated."

When the heart stops, the physicians said, normal recovery, as in the 20-minute case, is dependent upon saturation of tissue, especially brain tissue, with oxygen. This, they said, is accomplished by immediate and simultaneous artificial circulation of the blood, by means of heart massage and artificial respiration.

Concerning the 20-minute case reported, the doctors said the patient was undergoing an operation on the left lung, when the heart stopped. Immediate efforts to start it were applied, they said, but it was not until 20 minutes later that it resumed its own contractions.—*Los Angeles Times*, January 8, 1942.

In the apex of the left ventricle of the heart is located the seed atom of the physical body and it is the differentiated life force playing through this atom that causes the heart to beat. At the time of death this seed atom ruptures and the life force which permeated it passes along the pneumogastric nerve, through the third ventricle of the brain and thence outward through the sutures between the occipital and parietal bones. It is the rupture of this seed atom that causes the heart to stop beating. However, the beating of the heart may become so low that it cannot be detected and yet the seed atom remain intact, as in the case of a very deep trance, when the individual has been pronounced dead, and sometimes the body buried, or in such a case as the one mentioned in the reprint. But in neither instance has the seed atom ruptured nor is the individual dead, for after this rupture takes place resuscitation is absolutely impossible.

Question Department



Memory of Past Lives

Question:

Quite recently I contacted an individual who claimed that he remembered several of his past lives. How is it possible for one to be able to do this? I understand rebirth, but why is it not possible for everyone to remember his or her past lives?

Answer:

Being able to recall past lives depends on the development of the individual and not on his or her ordinary brain power. There are two sources available for contacting one's past incarnations. One is the memory of nature and the other is the record stamped on the dense body seed atom located in the apex of the left ventricle of the heart.

In order to truly read either one or both of these records requires a really high degree of spiritual development. The time will come, however, when through leading a life of loving, self-forgetting service to others, one by one, we shall reach that high degree of spiritual attainment, and then our various past lives, with all of their numerous mistakes and accomplishments, may be read by us like the print on the leaves of an open book.

THE INFLUENCE OF RETROGRADE PLANETS

Question:

When a planet is retrograde beyond the natural length of a person's life, is the influence strong enough to be felt during that life, or is it more a latent or sleeping influence?

Answer:

If the planet is strong in the chart, by aspect, sign, and house, its influence will be felt at times through strong progres-

sion, transits, or lunation; but its influence will not be expressed to its full power. It will be slow and generally late in manifestation.

If the planet is weak in the chart, then its influence, even under strong progressions, lunations, or transits, will be considerably retarded.

Thus it is seen that there is a real effect resulting from a retrograde planet, for it is the angle of the ray that determines the influence of a planet, and when this ray comes from a retrograde planet it is slightly out of true focus so far as the individual's birthplace is concerned, and its power over the person is therefore weakened for the time being.

ABSOLUTE JUSTICE THE BASIS OF NATURE'S LAWS

Question:

I am quite unable to see any justice in life. Yet we are told by occult students and the Bible as well, that justice does prevail. I would like to know how it is possible for them or anyone else to come to such a conclusion when everywhere in the world injustice seems to be so startlingly apparent. Will you please give me some light on this subject?

Answer:

In the past, and even today, when such questions as the foregoing have been asked the inquirer has usually been answered by the statement that God's ways are past all understanding and that it is enough for one to know that all Biblical statements are true and that they should not be questioned even if they are not understood. But the time has come when the reasoning mind is no longer willing to be put off with such unsatisfactory answers, and happily the occult student does not need to rely on any such inadequate replies. For early in his studies he

learns that each life of an individual is only one day in God's great school and that what happens in the course of each day depends on the causes set into action during the present and previous earth days. This knowledge is embodied in the two laws made known to him as Rebirth and Cause and Effect. He further learns that the work well done in each life brings him happiness and merited progress, not only in the same life but also in the lives to come; and that all evil acts bring about results like unto themselves. Thus he learns that he is not rewarded nor punished by any extraneous individual at all, but that all things which come to him during each life are the result of his own past and present deeds, be they good or evil, and that they are perfectly just.

Moreover, he learns that by living in harmony with the laws of nature instead of working against them he gradually develops his consciousness to the extent that he is able to read his own past records in the Memory of Nature, where all events of past happenings are faithfully recorded.

Having acquired the foregoing knowledge and proved its verity for himself, he is able to make this truth known to all inquirers and point out the way whereby they, too, may prove the accuracy of his statements for themselves.

Judging from the standpoint of only one life, it is, as the inquirer states, quite impossible to believe in justice; but when considered from the broader viewpoint embodied in rebirth and cause and effect, it at once becomes apparent that absolute justice is being worked out everywhere in everything, even to the smallest detail.

THE ORIGIN OF STORMS, EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOES

Question:

Do you think that the moon has anything to do with the unusual amount of natural phenomena so prevalent during

the last few years, namely, earthquakes, volcanoes, great storms, et cetera, or is some combination of planets responsible for it all?

Answer:

Adverse aspects to the moon and certain planetary combinations do influence the production of atmospheric storms through their effect upon the nature spirits, particularly the sylphs, the spirits of the air, causing them to agitate the air violently in a manner which produces such storms as wind, snow, sleet, hail, et cetera. But earthquakes and volcanoes are produced by the nature spirits which operate in the seventh stratum of the earth, counting from the surface inward, there being nine of these strata altogether. These nature forces are excited into action through the immorality of humanity and all unspiritual conditions in general, particularly the crass brand of materialism which is rampant in the world today.

THE BARREN FIG TREE

Question:

I do not understand why the Christ destroyed the barren fig tree, an account of which is given in the Bible. Will you please explain?

Answer:

The fig is a symbol of generation. The Christ was teaching His disciples the dire results of the misuse of the creative force, and illustrated its withering, destroying effect on mankind in the destruction of the physical form of the fig tree which symbolizes the human body. What the Christ really did was to release the life force in the tree, and then its physical form began to wither—to disintegrate. In so doing he gave a concrete example of the way in which the misuse of the creative force (life force) ultimately brings on some kind of disease which in time releases the spirit (life force) from the body and it disintegrates (withers).

Nutrition and Health

Rosicrucian Ideals

The Rosicrucian Teachings advocate a *simple, pure, and harmless life*. We hold that a plain vegetarian diet is most conducive to health and purity; also that alcoholic drinks, tobacco, and stimulants are injurious to health and spirituality. As CHRISTIANS we believe it to be our duty to avoid sacrificing the lives of animals and birds for food, also, as far as possible to refrain from using their skins and feathers for clothing. We hold vivisection to be diabolical and inhuman.

We believe in the healing power of prayer and concentration, but we also believe in the use of material means to supplement the higher forces.

Our motto is: A SANE MIND, A SOFT HEART, A SOUND BODY.

A Message to Mothers of the Aquarian Age » »

By HELEN MARKY



AM not a doctor or a graduate dietitian but just a mother who has had a great deal of experience in Natural and Spiritual Science.

To begin with, as a child I was very frail and as I grew into girlhood I was still delicate and sickly most of the time. I had a very bad case of sinus trouble which I was told was incurable. After having had all sorts of treatments from different doctors, I gave up hope and came to California for a change in climate, so I have been here for seventeen years and a new life opened up for me; as I relate my experiences, you will see.

At that time, I was twenty-one years old, had never had a raw vegetable or salad where I came from, New York City, nor had I ever taken a sun bath. From my very first day in Los Angeles, I was delighted with the sunshine, and the attractive fruit and vegetable markets that I had never seen back East. I immediately became a sun-worshiper, gave up my office job and got outside work so that I could get plenty of fresh air and sunshine. I gave up flesh foods entirely and within six months' time lost my sinus trouble completely. I felt so well and strong that I continued this regime for years and really rebuilt my body.

I became interested in bio-chemistry, so studied at home at night while I

worked during the day. My mother had passed away with tuberculosis and I regret that I was unable to relieve her suffering at that time as I did not have the knowledge I had later on when my father had neuritis badly in his legs and hands. He was so crippled that I had to bathe and dress him besides keep house and go to work. But with the sun baths and vegetarian diet I put him on, he recovered fully and could do his work.

Then one of my brothers became paralyzed in one leg so that he had to drag it along, couldn't walk on it. I put him on a fruit fast and, with his sun baths daily, he recovered fully within a few weeks and was able to resume his work. My other brother lost the sight of one eye, not entirely blind, but a heavy film over the pupil, like a cataract. I also put him on a fruit fast, then a fruit and vegetable diet and exposed his eye to the sunshine every day. Within a few months he saw the stars plainly, which he had not been able to do for five years. So I had plenty of proof of the value of the vegetarian diet together with the daily use of sun baths. From then on, I helped everyone I met who was interested. Of course, some sneered at my ideas but that happens to anyone with progressive ideas.

Up to this time I was in fear of marriage as I had my mother's tubercular

tendency; the orthodox medical doctors advised me not to get married, or if I did not to have any children. I became interested in metaphysics and occultism and together with my knowledge and experience in healing disease by Natural Methods, I lost my fear entirely and knew that I could face any crisis that might come during my life on this planet.

So I met my life mate, who is now my husband, and within a year our first baby came. The doctor had advised me to have a Caesarian operation as I have such small bones and he was afraid of my weak lungs, but again, exposing my body daily to the sunshine, and my vegetarian diet, together with plenty of exercise gave me a wonderful pregnancy and I pulled through fine, having a normal, natural, painless birth. My baby was perfect and exceptionally strong even at birth and while I nursed her fifteen months (which is unusual these days) she began walking at seven months of age. People wondered at this and they wanted to have her picture in the newspaper, but neither my husband nor myself cared for publicity. However, I made many mothers see the difference caused by correct diet and sunshine.

This child was a little over three years old when the second baby was born, another normal perfect child. This in spite of the fact that through the depression we had lost all our money, and my husband had every little work, so that we often lacked necessities. But again my spiritual science and vegetarian diet and sun baths pulled me through, when I had obstacles on every side. Then too much physical work and going hungry in order that the children could have more brought me to a run-down anaemic condition. But before the third child was born we were able to buy the necessary foods which I had not had for months. Again I resorted to my sun baths daily, and felt stronger every day even though I had to do all my housework and take care of both children. It was not possible to take the daily rest in bed which was advised, but this was also a normal,

natural birth, and the new baby was even more perfect than the first two. A Leo baby, she has brought great happiness to us as well as others.

My main object in studying scientific feeding of children was to start a Nursery for babies whose mothers were working and who had high ideals like my own but who had no one with whom to leave their babies while they were working. There is great need for this humanitarian work but I had no one to co-operate with me and could not do it alone while raising my family.

At one time I visited the Rosicrucian Fellowship and was told that the School for Children had been discontinued. I was much disappointed at the time but I realize now that the world was not ready for the scientific school I had in mind and that I would have to bide my time, so I have had patience until now and my own children are all in school. I still feel there is a great need for a school where youngsters are not taught politics or controversial subjects along with the Three R's. I think children should learn more about the benefits of a vegetarian diet and how to promote a sane mind, a soft heart, and a sound body as taught by the Rosicrucian Philosophy.

My plan for the school would be to have a scientific nursery for babies whose mothers have to work for a living, where they would have the best care by other mothers and women who love this work without being too materialistic. Then there should be a class for the pre-school ages from three to six years old. There should be a scientific playground for these tots where enjoyable and healthful games are played, not the dangerous, competitive games that are played by even small children in these days. Classes would follow for grade pupils also.

Classrooms should have one side of the room exposed to sunshine and fresh air. My observation is that the classrooms in the public schools often are not very well ventilated, and I am sure that most of the children get their colds from their wrong diet and stuffy classrooms. Even those

that have strong resistance and do not catch cold, cannot do their work properly in a stuffy classroom. In rainy weather the open side I have in mind could be made to close for protection, yet have plenty of ventilation. In Southern California especially, there is no reason why we cannot build such classrooms.

An old friend, the late Otto Carque, promised me he would do everything he could to co-operate with me when I told him about my plans for this scientific school seventeen years ago. At that time he was manufacturing his Health Foods and producing sun-dried fruits, the first on the market. He also felt the need for such a school in order to produce a better race of men and women for the New Age to come. I know that Lillian Carque (who used to write articles for your magazine) is very busy with her work but I sincerely hope that she reads my message to mothers and all women of the Aquarian Age about the work her husband promised to help with if he had not passed away. I would do everything in my power to make this school possible as I have the knowledge and experience now that I did not have when Otto Carque was on this plane; and I am in a better position to give my services to other mothers with small children. This is going to be my life's work. I really owe my life to Otto Carque's book on *Natural Foods, the Safe Way to Health*, and to the Rosicrucian Philosophy for its constructive and uplifting teachings.

When the children were younger I took them for walks to the park or playground and mothers would always come over to me and remark that they never saw such healthy looking children. They would also ask how a frail looking mother like myself could have such strong looking children. When I told them how I fed my little ones from infancy up to school age, how they never had colds even though they were raised in sun-suits all year round until they went to school; that they were never constipated, nor did they ever have a spoonful of medicine

they thought it unbelievable. But when I gave them some advice on scientific feeding and they gave it a trial for only a few days, they told me they already saw beneficial results in their children.

In all my experiences with infant and child feeding, I find it an individual problem as each child is different according to temperament. That is where the knowledge of scientific Astrology comes in to help us mothers raise superior children in preparation for the coming Aquarian Age, for we are within its orb.

I attended the public speaking class at the Evening High School for two years with the purpose of learning to speak on a platform to the public, for I intended to give Health Lectures to mothers only. The teacher was a metaphysical student but did not believe in diet and I noticed she always had a cold, so one evening I suggested giving a health lecture to give me the experience and perhaps also to enlighten some of the pupils who were always at home sick with some disease or other. She allowed me to give two talks, and the pupils asked different questions about food; it was surprising how interested they were in learning. The teacher especially took a great interest and jotted down information I gave her in answer to all her questions regarding her health problems which metaphysics alone did not help as she was not eating right. I was never so happy as I was the two evenings I gave those lectures for it made my heart feel good to see the response I received when I expected criticism. I realized then that I wanted to follow this work.

After giving these health lectures I became enthusiastic about starting a Health Center or Health Club for Mothers, as I called it, right in my own home as I have plenty of room now for this purpose. I knew about one hundred and fifty mothers personally and most of them have remarked how healthy my children look, so I thought they would be interested in such a Club with dues only 10 cents a month to cover expense of refreshments. I was willing to give my

energy, experience, knowledge, and time even though I really have plenty of work of my own, considering that I have three girls to keep clean and healthy, and a seven-room house to take care of, with just a little help from the children now that they are old enough to do this.

I personally contacted several dozen mothers as I would not have room for more; then I expected to rent a small hall somewhere in the vicinity of my home in case the membership increased so much. But when I started my first meeting, only three mothers came. I held a weekly meeting for these few for a month, then gave up the idea entirely for the present as I realized the other mothers were not ready to receive the knowledge I had to offer, nor to start learning to keep their children as healthy as I keep mine. I am in poorer circumstances financially than any of the others but I feel very rich when my children are able to attend school every day and never stay at home sick with colds or some disease or other as do their children. By helping the three mothers I felt I was giving my services somewhat, and even though the others did not come to the club meetings I find that they are taking better care of their children's diet since I talked to them; they give the tots more fruit and vegetables along with their other food; but they will not cut out the flesh foods as they do the candy, cake, and too much white flour products. So I see where I will have to have patience, as I have had all these years, until they wish to become enlightened regarding the advantages of a scientific vegetarian diet in order to keep their youngsters well.

Last year I went back to my public speaking class at the Evening High School and noticed there was a new teacher there. She was a very good teacher but not a bit interested in health or diet, as I found one evening when I got up on the platform and told my experience in helping my father with his stomach cancer. My subject was the "Medicinal Value of the Raw Vegetable Juices." I gave examples also of differ-

ent people whom I had helped with the use of these juices in certain quantities every day—the carrot juice especially to alkalinize the body and heal ulcers and cancer—added to a vegetarian diet.

I also told them that I had not used carrot juice in my father's case because I did not have a machine to squeeze the juice and did not know until years later that I could squeeze it out by hand through a cheesecloth by grating the carrots into a fine pulp first. Just taking the flesh food away from my father and putting him on a strict alkaline diet helped him and even though he was sixty-nine years old, he responded, so a younger person could surely be helped.

I told them that he had been in the General Hospital in Los Angles for nine weeks under observation; the records may still be there as it was only fifteen years ago. After the nine weeks were up, they told me to take him out of the hospital as he would pass away in about three days. I had such confidence in my Natural Foods and Cleansing Diet and Spiritual Science that I was not discouraged but took care of him for months and he got better; his pains left him entirely and he was able to get around and take care of himself for three years.

When I married and expected my baby I was compelled to place him in an institution for the aged where they fed him their diet, including flesh foods and too many white flour starches, even though I begged them not to do so; but I had no choice in the matter as I was not able to take care of him financially or otherwise under the circumstances. As a result, his cancer pains came back again and he suffered greatly for a few months. They did not want to listen to me but used orthodox treatments and he finally passed away.

When I told this to the class, I was very careful of my speech as most of the pupils believe in eating flesh foods every day and in orthodox medical treatment of disease, but the fact that I had kept my father alive and in good health for

(See next page)

Patients' Letters

Texas, December 28, 1941.
 The Rosicrucian Fellowship
 Oceanside, Calif.

Dear Friends:

I wrote to you several days ago a petition for some help with regard to a problem of my own that seemed to be charged with such overwhelming difficulties that I felt my cork, so to speak, going clear under and just bubbles issuing from the affray.

May you please be interested to know that the expectation is so much more than I anticipated it would be; in fact I feel so unworthy for all the lovely, nice things that came to me. The Invisible Helper knew all of my answers and I saw him and talked with him. He told me I was laboring under a belief of injustice, then he proved to me that nothing but justice ever did or ever could happen. . . .

I do not feel worthy of such fine things and you may now take my name off the list for I am just as full as I can be and my cup runneth over with exceeding great joy.

Love offering enclosed; hope to send more later.

—W.K.L.

Washington, Dec. 4, 1941.

Dear Friends:

I want to thank you so very much for your kindness, and I am sure that help was sent to me very soon after I wrote to you for help. And you will understand that I am very grateful to you. I seem to have so much more vitality the last week.

I am trying so hard to improve my mental attitude and faith in the higher forces in spite of some personal problems that are hard to solve or overcome. But I know that your prayers for courage, hope, and cheer will help me to understand and choose the right way. I am also carrying out your suggestions regarding diet, etc., as far as possible, for I know they are the best possible, and I am grateful.

Thanking you again for your prayers and loving kindness, I am

Sincerely your friend,

—W.M.

Massachusetts, January 3, 1942

My dear Friends:

I wish to thank you for praying that God would heal the cancer on my nose. The sore has gone, and I cannot tell you in words how thankful I am.

I want to send you a donation as soon as I am able. As I have not worked for over two years I cannot at the present time.

I need your prayers, as do thousands of others in this troubled world.

May God's choicest blessings be yours this year, for the good you have done for me, and all you are praying for.

Sincerely,
 —B.A.E.

Healing Dates

| | |
|----------------|---------------|
| February | 4—11—17—25 |
| March | 4—10—17—24—31 |
| April | 6—13—21—28 |

Healing meetings are held at Mt. Ecclesia on the above dates at 6:30 P.M. If you would like to join in this work, begin when the clock *in your place of residence points* to 6:30 P.M., or as near that as possible; meditate on health, and pray to the Great Physician, our Father in Heaven, for the healing of all who suffer, particularly those who have applied to the Invisible Helpers.

People Who Are Seeking Health

May be helped by our Healing Department. The healing is done largely by the Invisible Helpers, who operate on the invisible plane, principally during the sleep of the patient. The connection with the Helpers is made by a weekly letter to Headquarters. Helpful individual advice on diet, exercise, environment, and similar matters is given to each patient. This department is supported by freewill offerings. For further information address, The Rosicrucian Fellowship, Oceanside, Calif., U.S.A.

A MESSAGE TO MOTHERS

(Continued from page 132)

three years after the hospital doctors had given him up should have convinced them that there was something to correct eating. But no, the teacher did not want me to speak about food or health anymore, so the rest of the term I refrained from doing so. This made me feel suppressed in a way as most of the subjects given to us to speak on were about the war, politics, and other controversial subjects that did not interest me; still I had to listen to the others and join in the conversation myself. My oldest girl has the same objection to the work in her class. The children bring in current events which they get from the newspapers and most of them talk about nothing but war and politics even at the age of eleven.

That is one reason why I feel the need of an advanced school, especially for pupils from homes where only constructive subjects are brought up for conversation, as Rosicrucianism teaches us.

Children's Department

DTC

The Golden Key to Happiness

By ANN ROE ANDERSON

“I DON’T want to go to bed,” Peggy Nan cried. “I want to go out in the garden and look for fairies.”

“Close your eyes and go to sleep,” Peggy Nan’s mother said, snapped off the light and left the room.

“No,” Peggy Nan cried, stretching her eyes wide open, watching the big red-gold moon as it rose above the green trees of the orchard. She heard Mrs. Bluebird, in her nest in the eaves, telling the baby birds to close their eyes and go to sleep. She wiggled her pink toes under the soft white blanket wondering if the birds knew where the fairies lived.

Almost every day Peggy Nan looked for fairies inside flowers, under leaves, up in the trees. Sometimes Robin Red, the red-headed boy next door who wore a red sweater, helped her look. But after Robin looked only a short time he always said, “I don’t believe we’ll find any fairies today, let’s play pirate. If you won’t, I’m going to run away and play pirate with the big boys.”

While Peggy Nan lay in her bed thinking and staring at the big red-gold moon she said over and over, “I want to go out in the garden and look for fairies.”

Just outside Peggy Nan’s window grew a bed of pansies. That afternoon while looking for fairies she had decided the biggest purple pansy was king of Pansyland. Suddenly she winked her eyes in surprise; there at the open window looking in at her was the purple pansy, as big as the moon itself! Sitting up in bed she exclaimed, “Oh, Mr. King Pansy, do you know where the fairies are?”

“Of course I know where they are,” the King replied.

“Oh, goody! Please tell me,” Peggy Nan begged. “I want to find them.”

“They’re in Fairyland taking care of the gardens of Happiness flowers. The fairies keep the magic golden key to the magic golden door to Fairyland in a cranny of the rock wall at the foot of the garden walk,” the King explained.

“Oh, thank you,” Peggy Nan said politely, hopping out of bed and into her clothes before the King of Pansies could wink. Jumping over the windowsill she ran down the garden walk in the bright moonlight.

“Wait, wait!” the King called waving his arms wildly. “Little girl, little girl, wait!”—but Peggy Nan was already out of hearing.

“My goodness me!” scolded Pansy White, “that child is the very most careless-es’ girl I’ve ever seen. She almost stepped on me.” Pansy White smoothed her crumpled green leaves while shaking her white velvet petals to see if they were crushed. “I feel deep down in my roots that something dreadful is going to happen to that girl. You should have warned her about that fierce old dragon coming out on moonlight nights.”

“I tried to, but she wouldn’t listen,” the King grumbled. “I wouldn’t be surprised if something terrible happens to her,” he said, looking very much worried.

At the foot of the garden walk Peggy Nan discovered something! She wanted to run away but was too frightened to move even one foot, for there in the moon-

light, in the place where the rock wall had always been, lay an enormous dragon sleeping soundly. His snoring sounded like rolling thunder.

Peggy Nan held her breath and tried to make up her mind whether the rock wall was a dragon, or a dragon was the rock wall. The soft green moss that grew in the crannies of the wall and spread over the bumpy, lumpy rocks splashed with gay flowers, appeared in the moonlight to be rainbow colored scales covering the dragon's big body. Slowly the dragon opened one round red eye, and then, as if he couldn't believe what he saw, he opened the other round red eye. He stared and stared at Peggy Nan. And Peggy Nan stared and stared back at the dragon. Suddenly the old dragon roared:

"What are you doing here?"

"If you please, Mr. Dragon——" Peggy Nan began just as the dragon yawned and stretched, which so frightened her she couldn't say another word. "Well, well," the dragon roared, "go on."

"Please, I've come for the key," Peggy Nan gulped.

"Key? What key?" The dragon yawned again.

"The magic golden key to the magic golden door to Fairyland." Peggy Nan's teeth chattered.

"Oh, yes, yes, the key. I remember, it's inside of me. I swallow it on moonlight nights when I swallow the rock wall. If you want it, I'll just swallow you so you can hunt for it."

The dragon raised his enormous head moving it from side to side. His round red eyes flashed as he opened his cave-like mouth thrusting out a long red tongue that looked like a flame of fire.

"Robin Red!" Peggy Nan screamed, "come quick! save me!" Robin Red

always came from the house next door whenever Peggy Nan called, and now, right away he stood there beside her. Instead of having on his red sweater he wore beautiful silver armor and carried a silver sword.

"Ho, ho!" roared the dragon, "I'm not afraid of you."

Peggy Nan thought the old dragon must be afraid of the silver sword if he wasn't afraid of Robin, for he drew in his flame-like tongue, closed his wide-spread mouth, and put his enormous head down between his monstrous front feet, digging long black claws into the earth.

"What are you doing here, Peggy Nan?" Robin Red asked.

"The King of Pansy-land said the magic golden key to the magic golden door to Fairyland was in a cranny of the rock wall. Mr. Dragon says he swallowed the rock wall and the key, and he'll swallow me if I want to hunt for the key," Peggy Nan explained, "but I don't want to be swallowed."

"I won't let him swallow you, Peggy Nan. I'll fight him with my silver sword and get the key."

The silver sword flashed in the moonlight as the old dragon roared, "Ho, ho! I'll swallow both of you." The long tongue shot out, lapped around the children and jerked them into the cave-like mouth. "It's just as dark as a black dungeon in here!" Peggy Nan screamed. "The old dragon's going to swallow us!"

"I won't let him!" Robin said bravely, taking Peggy Nan's hand. "Stamp your feet hard and we'll run down his throat instead of letting him swallow us!"

"Let's run down the wrong way," Peggy Nan suggested, "that will choke him. It chokes me when something goes down my throat the wrong way." Hand in hand they ran and ran, stamping their



feet every step. When the dragon began to cough and choke and choke and cough they knew they had taken the wrong way down his throat, and of course he could never swallow them while choking on them! They stamped harder and ran faster while Robin Red swung his silver sword high above his head yelling, "Don't you be afraid, Peggy Nan, just keep looking for the magic golden key."

At last they reached the inside of the tip end of the dragon's tail. Jumping out of the dragon into the moonlight they found that Robin's sword had cut the dragon wide open. "Hurrah!" Robin yelled. "Oh-ee!" screamed Peggy Nan, "that old bumpy, lumpy dragon has disappeared, and the rock wall is where it always has been. You're wearing your old red sweater too, instead of silver armor."

"That's all right," Robin Red told her, "I only wear silver armor and a silver sword when I fight dragons. Hurry up now, Peggy Nan, let's find that key."

They searched and searched until at last Robin Red scowled. "I don't believe there is any magic key. I don't believe in fairies either. Only girls believe in fairies."

"Why, you horrid boy," Peggy Nan exclaimed, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. The King Pansy said the magic golden key to Fairyland is in a cranny of the rocks. You know just as well as anything you have to believe in fairies if you're ever going to find them, and you'll have to believe about the magic golden key if we're ever going to find it."

"Oh, all right, but if we don't find it in a little while I'm going to run away and play pirate with the big boys."

Almost at once Peggy Nan squealed, "Oh-ee! I've found it. I've found it!"

Picking up a beautiful key of gold, from a cranny in the rocks where the golden poppy grew, she turned it over and over thoughtfully. "I've found the magic key," she said, "but where is the golden door to Fairyland that the magic key will unlock?"

"I know," chirped Bluebird swaying on a branch of a near-by tree in the moonlight.

"Where?" Peggy Nan asked eagerly. Without saying another word Bluebird spread her wings and flew away. Peggy Nan ran swiftly through the orchard after Bluebird calling, "Come on, Robin Red."

"Where are you going?" Robin Red asked as he caught up with her.

"Haven't you any imagination?" she asked. "Bluebird said she knows where the golden door to Fairyland is. I imagine she is flying there now and you better imagine it too if you want us ever to find it."

"All right, I'll imagine it," Robin agreed, "but let me carry the key."

"No," said Peggy Ann, putting the key into her pocket, "you might lose it. Can't you run any faster, Robin?"

Peggy Nan was running so fast herself she could not stop when she saw a root growing above ground. Her foot caught and down she fell! Robin helped her up and away they ran until they came to a high fence covered with vines and flowers.

"I think that's awful funny—queer funny," Robin corrected himself, "I never saw that fence before."

"Of course not!" Peggy Nan exclaimed. "It's a magic fence right here in our yard."

The fence was too high to climb over,



the vines too thick to see through. The children heard voices talking and laughing that sounded like the tinkle of tiny bells. They saw Bluebird perched among the vines and called to her just as she flew over the fence.

"Fairyland is the other side of that fence," Peggy Nan announced.

"How do you know?" asked Robin.

"I know because I imagine it! We can't fly over like Bluebird so we must find the golden door."

"You mean gate," Robin Red scoffed, "a fence doesn't have a door."

"This fence has a door, the King of Pansies said so. And I have the magic key that will open it when we find it." Peggy Nan put her hand into the pocket of her dress for the key. "Oh, Robin Red," she cried, "I've lost the key!" Peggy Nan turned and ran swiftly back into the orchard.

"Come back, Peggy Nan," Robin Red shouted, "I have it. It dropped out of your pocket when you fell down and I picked it up. I wanted to carry it."

Breathlessly Peggy Nan dashed back. "I'm glad you found it, Robin Red; give it to me."

"No," Robin said, "you're a selfish girl, wanting to carry it all the time."

"I just guess I found it," Peggy Nan said as she followed Robin along the fence, the other side of which they still heard the happy voices. Suddenly they came upon a gleaming golden door! Peggy Nan jumped up and down in excitement crying, "Give me the key, Robin Red! Give me the key!"

"No," Robin said, "I want to unlock the door."

"If you don't give me the key," Peggy Nan screamed, "I'll stand right here in front of the door forever and ever."

"Oh, all right, take it," Robin said, "but you're an awful selfish girl."

Peggy Nan slipped the key into the lock and tried hard to turn it, but it would not move. She tried again and again. At last she stepped aside so that Robin could reach the key saying, "You can help unlock the door, Robin Red."

But Robin had disappeared! "Robin Red, where are you?" called Peggy Nan, then she saw him running down the street with a big boy who was wearing pirate's clothes. "Come back, please, Robin Red," Peggy Nan begged, but as Robin kept right on running she turned back to the door and tried again to turn the magic golden key that would unlock the golden door to Fairyland. After trying many times she sat down on the grass and looked sorrowfully at the big round moon. "I wish I'd been unselfish and kind to Robin Red and let him unlock the door when he wanted to," she moaned, two big tears rolling down her cheeks. "I guess I'll never get into Fairyland now." Against the shining golden door Peggy Nan laid her head and cried herself to sleep.

The next thing Peggy Nan knew it was morning. She finished eating the cereal from her blue bowl and drinking the last drop of milk from her silver cup before she remembered something very important!

"Mother," she exclaimed, "I didn't close my eyes last night when you told me to, I stretched them wide open and went out in the garden to look for fairies."

"It was a lovely moonlight night for a walk in the garden," her mother laughed.

"Robin Red saved me from a big dragon. Please excuse me, Mother, I want to go find Robin right now."

Peggy Nan found Robin Red in the pirate's cave hunting through the pirate's chest. "Hello," Robin said, but Peggy Nan just watched as he tied a red handkerchief around his head and thrust a pirate's dagger through his belt, then she said, "I think you're a horrid boy, Robin Red, running away with that pirate boy instead of unlocking the door to Fairyland. I'm going to tell the King of Pansies all about it."

Swagging along, like the pirate he pretended to be, Robin followed Peggy Nan to the pansy bed, listening while she told the King what had happened last

night. The big purple pansy, looking very wise, nodded in the breeze.

"Hum!" Robin Red said thoughtfully, "the King thinks you should have let me carry the key part of the time and let me unlock the door too. I wouldn't have lost the key like you did, and I could probably have unlocked the door easy as anything. I'm sorry I ran away from you though, Peggy Nan."

"I know what we can do" Peggy Nan exclaimed. "Let's get the key, and you may carry it and unlock the golden door." Away they ran to the foot of the garden walk, and began searching in the crannies of the rock wall, but the magic key was nowhere to be found. Suddenly Peggy Nan laughed, "I guess the fairies forgot to bring the key back here after they put me in my bed. Come on!"

Through the orchard they ran, but Bluebird was so busy flying here and there in the morning sunshine carrying food to the babies, that she had no time to lead the way to the vine-covered magic fence. Peggy Nan and Robin Red ran this way and that looking for the fence. At last Robin threw himself on the grass asking, "How do you expect to find the key when you can't even find the fence?"

From where Robin lay on the grass he could see a pink rose bush. A spider's web, swaying to and fro in the breeze,

hung from the bush shining like threads of gold in the sunshine. "Look there, Peggy Nan," Robin whispered.

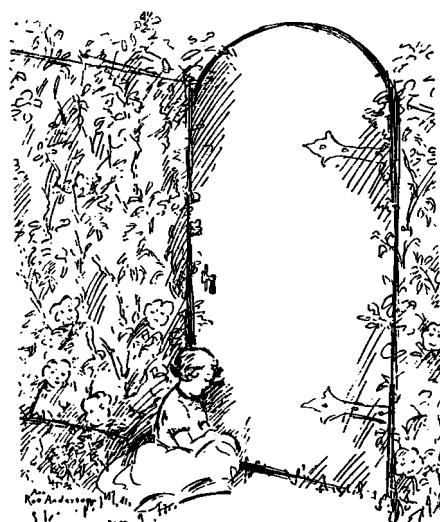
Peggy Nan stared for a moment before she whispered back, "I just believe that's the very place where the magic golden door is. I guess we can't see the magic fence in the day time."

Over the soft green grass the two children ran tiptoe. When they reached the bush they could scarcely believe their eyes! There in a spider-web swing they say little Rosebud, a fairy, and she told them a secret we all ought to know.

"Don't you see, Robin Red?" Peggy Nan exclaimed, "it's just like fairy Rosebud says, everybody already has the golden key to happiness, but we can't see it because it's a magic key that opens the golden door into the garden where all the happiness in the world grows."

"Sure," Robin Red answered, "the fairy says we're planting seeds of Happiness flowers when we're loving and unselfish."

Peggy Nan sighed wistfully, thinking of last night when she had tried so hard to open the golden door to fairyland. She wasn't quite sure whether she would rather be a really truly little girl planting seeds of love and unselfishness, or be a fairy and help care for the gardens of Happiness flowers.



Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia



EXPRESSION was given on Mrs. Heindel's seventy-seventh birthday to the gratitude of those at Headquarters for the more than thirty years of service which have done so much to hold the Rosicrucian Fellowship to its destined course. The celebration took place January 27th in the unhurried evening hours. Under the deft chairmanship of Mrs. Mattie Adele Townsend two supper tables were daintily adorned with pink dombeyas and lavender sweet peas set in nests of smilax. At the first table, bearing the pink and white seven-candled birthday cake, sat Mrs. Heindel and her fellow Aquarians; at the second, other honored guests; the remainder of the tables were filled as usual with our Mt. Ecclesia family.

Later in the evening, like the fragments of a mosaic, orchestral music, poetry, vocal solos and oratory blended into a charming tribute. Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Erskine, Jr., and Mrs. Felicia Clem composed poems for the occasion, and Mr. Ernest George led the Mt. Ecclesia orchestra in one of his own compositions, as well as in other numbers. The lovely voices of Mmes. Roberta Schroll and Esther Detwiler and of Mr. E. J. McManus were raised in song; a talk by Mr. Herbert Hood described the Fellowship plan to raise more vegetables, in co-operation with defense measures. The Los Angeles and Long Beach Centers sent oral messages of good will so clearly recorded that as the phonograph played them the absentees seemed present to make their bows. Mrs. Heindel responded with a few words of sincere appreciation, stating her belief that years of loving service still lay before her.

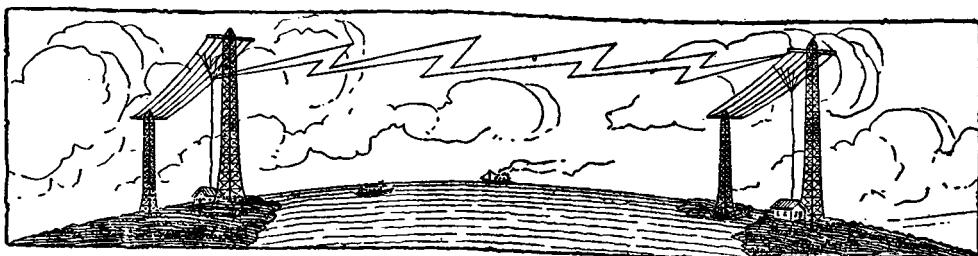
A Christmas gift of fifty copies of a recently published book of occult tales has been made to the Fellowship by the author, Sophia Beale McIntyre, a tal-

ented member who is spreading the Rosicrucian teachings through fiction. In *Man, Know Thy Future*, using the subjective method, she has penned rapid sketches of human suffering, or joy, tracing the cause to actions in past lives, thus vividly illustrating the operation of divine justice. This long-range view is cleverly brought about by letting the characters tell part of their stories from the after-death plane through one of their number having the necessary spiritual development to transmit them to a friend on earth with whom he is in sympathetic communication. The book is written for those who may be contacting occult philosophy for the first time as well as for advanced students. All will find it entertaining. The price is \$1.50 and Headquarters will gladly fill orders while the limited supply lasts.

At high noon the day after Christmas in the little chapel, still decked in its holiday dress, Miss Evelyn Elizabeth Gibson and Mr. Chris Browning Economon, two workers at Headquarters, were married by Mrs. Max Heindel. Attending the young couple were two other workers, Miss Louise Lancelot and Mr. Jule Munson. The bride wore a becoming light blue wool traveling suit; and her attendant a soft green one. For the wedding breakfast which took place in the dining hall immediately after the ceremony, a handsome snow white tower of a cake was made by loving friends. Mr. Edward McManus sang "I Love Thee" by Grieg, and Mrs. Roberta Schroll sang "Because." After a short honeymoon bride and groom returned to their posts at Headquarters.

Incidentally, Mr. and Mrs. Erskine, previously mentioned, were married at Headquarters by Mrs. Heindel in October, 1940. They have recently moved to San Diego, California, from Maine, (Continued on page 143)

Rosicrucian News Bureau



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In the Rosicrucian Fellowship Healing Service stress is placed on the fact that *intensity of feeling* is required to accomplish the desired object in concentration or prayer. It is stated: "This is the secret of all miraculous prayers which have been recorded; the person who prayed for something was always *intensely in earnest*; his whole being went into the desire for this or that thing which he prayed for, and thus he lifted himself up into the very realms of the divine and brought down the response from the Father."

This principle may be applied to every department of life. Those who reach the peaks of attainment inject intensity into their efforts. Consider the incomparable St. Paul. In his early years he gloried in the zeal with which he persecuted the saints. None was so diligent as he in exterminating that which he believed to be heresy. But strong souls are the darlings of the gods, whether they work for good or for evil, because that indomitable, irresistible energy which drives them to action, even if used temporarily for destructive purposes, will be just as strong when diverted into channels for good. Consequently, St. Paul was especially favored by the gods and given such a powerful light that it blinded him when he was least looking for such a thing—while on the road to Damascus. Then and there he was imbued with a knowledge and an understanding far superior to that of the other

apostles, chosen for a special mission and given the particular gift of spiritual vision and the ability to be all things to all men.

As individuals and as Groups, our success in the Fellowship work depends upon the degree of zeal we manifest. Intensity and sincerity of purpose create a power in a person's aura which is felt by those with whom he comes in contact. Confidence is inspired and an alignment with the purpose in mind follows. Thus the original power of purpose is augmented, and soon the increase is sufficient to accomplish "the desired object."

LAGUNA BEACH, CALIFORNIA.

A Study Group is now meeting at 678 Glenneyre Street, in this lovely little city, we are pleased to hear from one of our members there. Splendid co-operation was given by the three local newspapers in running free notices for the first class, and "six seriously minded students attended. The vibration was splendid, all feeling that they were giving and receiving to the mutual benefit of all. Four had their copies of the *Cosmo*, and the other two each bought one from the surplus which one of the members present had."

The class will be held each week on Thursday evening, and those in Laguna Beach area who are interested in the deeper truths of life are cordially invited to attend. We pray that many will take advantage of the opportunity to

share the Light of this new Group, at the same time adding to its effulgence.

CHILE, SOUTH AMERICA.

A splendid spirit of co-operation exists among our Centers in Central and South America—evidence of a spirit of real fellowship and brotherhood. A helpful factor in promoting this co-operative spirit is the translation service which has been established at the Santiago Center, through which are translated useful articles for the Fellowship to distribute among all our Spanish-speaking members and friends.

In Valparaiso our Center is supervising a group of women students who meet with one of the members in Vina del Mar, on the outskirts of Valparaiso, to study the philosophy. From the numerous applications for the Philosophy Lessons received at Headquarters, it is evident that this Group is quite active and progressive.

SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK.

“The Joy of Serving,” as the title of one of the Sunday Devotional Service lectures mentioned in a recent report from this Center, we think will indicate the fine spirit of the ever-loyal friends of Schenectady.

The usual classes and services are being continued, and the report tells of an enjoyable program held in commemoration of Max Heindel on January 6th, at the home of one of the members. A short biography of Max Heindel’s life was read, and comments made on the importance of his work in connection with The Rosicrucian Fellowship. Gracious hostesses served delicious refreshments as a closing to the inspiring occasion.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

A recent report from the Loop Center in this city mentions an interesting discussion at one of their Sunday afternoon Forums on the subject: “Maintaining Our Equilibrium During the Present World Crisis.” Surely, the call to maintain our poise during these and the try-

World Headquarters

OF THE

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MT. ECCLESIA

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Zaandam.—Langestraat 24.
Zeist.—32 Jan Meerdinklaan.

URUGUAY

Montevideo.—Galicia 2137.

ing days to come is most urgent. The full value of suffering can be gained only if one realizes the reason for it, and upon those who have a knowledge of occult truth rests the responsibility of making general an understanding of the law of cause and effect, coupled with that of rebirth. Only with a knowledge of these truths can a sound basis for a future order of unselfishness and peace be established.

A word of commendation also for the reminder on the monthly Center Bulletin put out by this Group: "Western Wisdom Teachings for the Western World."

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We should like to receive immediate applications from members and those friendly to our teachings and ideals, in the following capacities: Graduate and Practical Nurses; Experienced Kitchen Workers, preferably men; Stenographer-typist who can take dictation. Address—

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ECHOES FROM MT. ECCLESIA*(Continued from page 139)*

and often come to spend their week-ends at Mt. Ecclesia.

New Year's Eve was the occasion for an informal party, the first since the declaration of war. An hour devoted to Community singing interspersed with much-appreciated solos by Mrs. Schroll and Messrs. McManus, Oscar Rufert and Henry Curlis was followed by a few games and buffet refreshments. Special interest attached to the songs of Mr. McManus, "Invocation" and "Within Thyself," as he had written the melodies.

Through a fortunate coincidence a delightful impromptu program was presented at the Friday evening social on January 9th. Mrs. Alfred G. Cash, who with her husband had come from Rochester, N. Y., for a short stay at Headquarters, gave a brief talk on "The Evolution of Color Consciousness." An artist who has studied the subject from both the academic and the occult standpoint, she achieved a nice blending of practical with theoretical knowledge. Three visiting members of the Fidelio Ensemble of Los Angeles, Mme. Zinaida Moiseieff, piano, Miss Marana Ogden, violin, and Miss Emma Wendt, viola, delighted the audience with the music of their trio. Mme. Moiseieff also played an encored solo.

Wanted: Secretary for Spanish Department

Letters and lessons are translated into the Spanish language and necessary correspondence carried on. A good understanding of the Rosicrucian Philosophy is essential, also some knowledge of Astrology. Shorthand is not required, but it is necessary to be a good typist.

Attention is called to the fact that the law does not permit us to consider applications from foreign countries.

Please write at once, giving full details, including age. Address—

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BY MAX HEINDEL

In this small book from the pen of the Founder of The Rosicrucian Fellowship are recorded the authentic findings of this gifted writer's firsthand knowledge of the Memory of Nature.

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“When nothing else could save us from the results of our own wrongdoing the compassionate Christ offered Himself and His great love power to break up the crystallized condition of man's bodies and the earth. For three years He taught mankind by word, precept, and example. When He was crucified on Golgotha His great sacrifice for humanity had only just begun . . .”

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